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THE LOST CHILD.

One of the most painfully frequent sights to be seen on the streets of New York is that of a lost child in the arms of a policeman—the subject of the beautiful sketch by Mr. Jewett which we give on this page. The Metropolitan Police are required, by a standing order, to convey all lost children whom they may discover on their "beats" to the nearest station-house; and as this fact is generally understood by the citizens, little difficulty is encountered in searching for and in finding them.

Some weeks ago, in giving an account of the Newsboys' Lodging-House in this city, we were surprised to find that that single benevolent establishment had been instrumental in restoring during a single year 719 truant or lost children to their parents. Other statistics of the same Society of which this is a part reveal the startling facts that over ten thousand homeless children, male and female, were rescued in 1866 from a life of degradation and misery in the streets, and furnished with good homes. We have the complete statistics of the Superintendent of Metropolitan Police, by which it appears that 7469 lost children were taken up in the district during the year 1866, and restored almost immediately to their parents. Two hundred and forty-one were sent to the Commissioners of Charity, and 149 were foundlings similarly disposed of. When it is remembered that these children are thus rescued, not merely from the minor and temporary sufferings of loneliness, neglect, and separation from their parents, which each little heart feels so intensely, but in many instances from miserable lives in the streets, suffering from poverty, and frequently from the vicious habits there learned, one can not praise too highly or be too thankful to the system which so certainly rescues so many of the lost.

GEN. CUSTER'S COMMAND.

General George A. Custer, in command of the Seventh U. S. Cavalry, has been moving for some time past through Kansas, from the Arkansas to the North Platte River, in pursuit of the Indians. Our artist who accompanies him sends us several sketches of interest, which we give on page 484.

One of his pictures is calculated to explode the very generally accepted idea that the Colorado and Kansas plains resemble the prairies of Illinois and Minnesota. Vast *cañons* have been worn by some means in the hill-sides, and these are the natural roads of the country. If the *cañon*, or "divide," which the command is pursuing is abandoned, the troops are led into innumerable difficulties in the hills, and the divide must again be resumed. It is not to be understood that the whole distance traveled by General Custer since he left the Arkansas has been through a divide, but many a long mile of the route has led through a country quite as broken as that represented in the sketch.

While on this march a band of Sioux Indians, under "Pawnee Killer," attempted to stampede the horses of the command. Before daybreak Indians to the number of nearly two hundred disposed themselves about the camp, taking care to keep just out of range of the carbines of the guards, and so far as possible concealing themselves and ponies. As day broke a corporal left the picket line with a private soldier, who was to be posted as a vidette. They had nearly reached the point—a hill of some prominence—when eight Indians charged down upon them. The vidette was wounded, but the corporal, who was only armed with a sabre, escaped unharmed to the line. The cry of Indians and rapid discharge of carbines caused an amount of early rising among the lazy ones that was as sudden as it was unwelcome. The eight Indians came dashing toward the camp; Indians made their appearance on all sides, but were met with such a rapid fire that they withdrew without getting what they came for.

After the failure of this attempt Pawnee Killer had the impudence to ask General Custer to meet him in conference. It was granted, and a sketch of the scene is given. The Indians then asked for sugar, coffee, etc., and ammunition—and this, too, while scalp-locks of fair Anglo-Saxon hair were hanging to their clothing by way of ornament. To shoot them on the spot was not possible. They had as many men within reach and more than General Custer had; they were as plentifully supplied with revolvers, and quite as willing to use them. Besides this, they had shot a white man that morning and taken his breech-loading carbine and cartridges. They felt "big-brave," and thought that they were "heap good to fight."

Our other engraving on the same page gives a view of the Platte River at North Platte, the point at which General Custer crossed. The river is a trifle more than half a mile wide at this point and has a swift current. A "ranch man" named Morrow has the monopoly of the ferry right, charging five dollars per head as ferriage, biped or quadruped. When a boat crosses it lands from a mile to two miles below the point from which it starts; it must then be taken out of the water and hauled up to a point from which it may start on a return trip.

For some weeks past active operations on the Plains on our part have been suspended; but the Indians have been unusually aggressive. We gave last week a full account of the battle near Fort Wallace on June 26, in which our troops were badly defeated and cut up. Other fights have since occurred in the same region; and it is clearly apparent that a very large force of Indians are on the war-path along the "Smoky Hill Route" to Denver. In the mean time General Hancock is encamped on the "Arkansas Route," and General Custer has gone to the "Platte Route," both of which are comparatively quiet; and the settlers along the "Central Route" are thus left to the mercy of the savages, or under the inadequate protection of the small and scattered garrisons in the small and weak forts along the route. On July 15 a train on this route was captured near Fort Larned, and a bishop, ten priests, and six Sisters of Charity of the Catholic Church were captured. The men were killed and scalped, and the women were carried off as captives. Similar depredations were committed on July 12 near Fort Sedgewick.

The results which are being attained by the troops on the Plains are not at all adequate to the means employed and the money expended. Mr. Henderson of Missouri stated in the Senate on July 16 that the war was now costing daily at least $150,000; and added that, if it lasted through the summer (and at the present rate it will certainly do that), it will have cost us $100,000,000 without having accomplished any thing.

THE LOST CHILD—A NEW YORK SCENE.—[Sketched by W. S. L. Jewett.]

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CHAINED TO A CORPSE.

THE speech of Mr. GROSS, editor of the Democratic German paper, the *Staats Zeitung*, delivered in the Convention at Albany was not only an admirable statement of the propriety of manhood suffrage, but it was an illustration of skillful party tactics. It took exactly the position which the Democratic party as a sagacious organization should have taken at the end of the war. The logic is simple. Slavery, upon which, as a special issue, parties rested, being gone, the true policy was to abandon all the old prejudices and measures founded upon it, and to accept the situation. With the fall of slavery, and in the situation of the country, it was evident that the colored man would be politically an equal citizen. Slavery being gone there was no reason for insisting upon keeping him disfranchised; and could the managers of the Democratic party have been sagacious enough to perceive it, there was a chance of restoring the old party under a new name.

As it is, th Democratic party is an organization of opposition upon a principle which wholly reverses the course of reconstruction, repudiates the theory of the war, and leaves every great national question unsettled. The Democratic policy is to treat the States exactly as if nothing had happened but a riot; it has been suppressed, and that is the end of it. Nothing more puerile can be conceived than such a view of the situation. It is a statesmanship which omits all the facts. It is a folly which finds no significance in the terrible words spoken to a king: "Sire, it is a revolution." And until the mind of the country is utterly confused no such party can hope for restoration to power, except by some chance of an alliance with a vote at the South unfriendly to the Government and the Union.

So long as this is the course of the Democratic party; so long as its organs sneer at loyalty and applaud treason by innuendo; so long as men who honestly gave time, money, personal service, and uncompromising devotion to the country during the war perceive in those papers, with distaste and disgust, the sympathy with the utterly un-American spirit which has so long ruled the society of the South, just so long they will suspect and spurn the Democratic party. Every where, as in the New York Convention, it appeals and panders to a hostility of race which can lead to nothing but evil when the subjects of it are equal citizens. Even Democrats of character and position serve an imaginary public which demands the sacrifice of liberty or justice; or, knowing their constituents, they stultify themselves by yielding to an ignoble prejudice. Could they once cast this kind of subserviency aside we could hope for a sudden restoration of universal prosperity.

As it is, however, the better men are in fear of the worst. The demagogues, who have no object but personal advantage at all hazards would instantly expose to the indignation of ignorance a man who took high ground and sought to plant the party upon it. And from this springs one of the chief perils of our politics. For when the intelligent and catholic consciously defer to the dictation of the ignorant and passionate the Government becomes essentially base in itself and humiliating to every honorable citizen. Nothing is more certain than the intimate relation between morals and politics. As the sense of a moral law dies out of the mind of legislators the state approaches anarchy. Yet, if legislation is to be dictated by the worst part of the population and by the worst feelings, how long can we hope that morality will linger in politics?

Now, there is this essential difference between the two great parties in this country, the one has the inspiration of the moral sentiment and the other has not. We do not mean that all Republicans are good men, or all Democrats bad men; but we do mean, as we have said before, that the tendency of the Republican party is to lift its worst members up to its best principles, while that of the Democratic party is to drag its best men down to a wretched policy. This is unavoidable, but it is undeniable. Thus the Democratic policy for a generation may have been interpreted by its wisest and sincerest men as merely State-rights, while the Democratic rallying-cry has been, "Down with the nigger!" On the other hand, the reproach incessantly urged against the Republican party by the most acrimonious Democratic journals is that it was really led by the extreme radicals. But surely, even if this should lead to the cry of "Up with the nigger!" which is the more inviting of the two cries to an intelligent and generous man? Is society, is this country, likely to be more benefited by a feeling and a policy that degrade or that elevate any class in the community?

So long as the Democratic party cling to the old issues they are chained to a corpse; and they have no secret charm to make the dry bones live.

THE RISK OF NORTH RIVER TRAVEL.

IT is of very little importance whether the Hudson River steamers *Drew*, or *St. John*, or *Connecticut*, or whatever the name may be, arrive at Albany at four or five o'clock in the morning; but it is of very great importance whether the five hundred or thousand passengers are carried safely upon their journey. Now they can not be carried safely if the steamers race—and the truth is, that they do race. There is a wholly unnecessary rivalry between certain boats, and for no practicable purpose whatever but for the determination of the question whether one steamer is faster than another, the passengers are exposed to a very great danger. Thus the *Drew*, one of the most spacious and splendid of river steamers, which leaves New York in the evening at six o'clock, and without difficulty can land its passengers in Albany by five or six o'clock the next morning, in full time for the trains in every direction, and for every purpose of business or travel. But we understand that something has been said of the slowness of the *Drew*, and therefore, when the opposition steamer appears, the *Drew* is pressed to tremendous speed, and goes quivering up to Albany, reaching that place by two o'clock.

It is not easy to prove that on any occasion this steamer has strained her powers unreasonably. Indeed it is never very easy to prove such a fact under such circumstances until it proves itself by an explosion. But, whether the strain be excessive or not, it is very evident that when a certain speed is sufficient for the purpose of the voyage, any increase of it under the influence of the passions, which are always engendered by a race, is necessarily a dangerous increase, because it will almost inevitably push on to the fatal point.

It then becomes a serious question to the great multitude of travelers, and especially at this season, when whole families are traveling for pleasure, whether they can safely take boats which are known to race. The perils of steamer travel are always enough, and they are always manifest. But if to these are to be added those of racing, the whole traveling public will properly desert the river steamers and intrust themselves to the cars. These are considerations which no steamer company can disregard; and the proprietors of the *Drew*, for instance, must be perfectly aware that there is or has been racing between that boat and the *Connecticut*, or such a constant and peculiar parallelism of course as to produce a suspicion of racing. The proprietors, as responsible and honorable contractors with the public, ought to know that there is such a suspicion, and they should certainly do what they can to show that it is unfounded.

But if, as has been very openly asserted, any of the proprietors of the boat have actually been on board before she left, and urged the engineer to "put her through," the fact should be ascertained, and the name universally published and branded with the severest censure. If a man who thrusts a gun from a window and fires into a crowded street may be justly indicted, tried, and executed for the murder of any one in the crowd whom he kills, certainly such an instigator of disaster as a steamboat proprietor who urges the engineer to crowd the boat to her top speed should be held responsible for the massacre that he invites. His conduct is criminal to the last degree, whatever the result of his counsel may be.

FRENCH CÆSARISM.

THE infinite superiority of the American theory of liberty and government to that which is held by the advocates of Cæsarism in every degree is well illustrated by the remark of the French Minister ROUHER in a late debate in the Chambers. JULES SIMON, a fiery Liberal, declared that Cæsarism, or Imperialism, is democracy without liberty. EUGENE PELLETAN exclaimed, "That is it!" The President of the Chamber reproved him for interrupting, but was promptly answered by M. SIMON, when ROUHER rose and said: "The Emperor has constantly kept in view three ideas: to give to society democracy as a basis, liberty for its development, and a power strong and respected as a supreme guarantee.

There could be no better statement of pure Cæsarism, or absolute despotism. And that is but another word for Imperialism. The strong and respected power which is to guarantee liberty is the imperial will. That which gives it strength and makes it respected is the army. Without the army the whole imperial structure would fall. There is no admission of any right whatever except that which the Government recognizes and sustains. Liberty, for instance, in a free, civilized, political society, implies assembling for discussion upon public questions. It is a fundamental right. Without it it is not possible to conceive a free political society. But by the imperial theory the whole matter is in the power of the Emperor, and he can do exactly what he will. The Government of France is a deep disgrace to civilization and to the character of the French people. Claiming to be foremost in civilization, the political philosophy to which it submits is that of pure despotism. The result is that free speech is virtually suppressed; the best mind of France protests without avail; and with a succession of spectacles the Emperor strives to hide the chain, as the Roman to divert the people with *panes et circenses*.

The Emperor, according to his minister, gives to society democracy as a basis. He may mean by that that he was elected by a popular vote. But the freedom of that vote may well be questioned. Since then there has been no reference to the people, and there is no provision whatever that there shall be any such reference; and if the empire should remain for a thousand years, the claim of the latest Emperor would be, in this sense, as valid as that of the first, that he gave to society democracy as a basis. Such an assertion is palpably absurd. The Emperor does not give society democracy as a basis.

His Minister, then, claims that he gives it liberty for its development. How? What kind of liberty has France to meet, to discuss, to act? The trial and sentence of EMILE DE GIRARDIN shows exactly how much liberty there was last year. The regulations under which public meetings are possible show how much liberty there is this year. There is as much liberty as LOUIS NAPOLEON chooses and no more. And this because of the truth of the third claim of the minister—namely, that there must be a power strong and respected as a supreme guarantee.

Undoubtedly there is such a power in France, and it is the army controlled by LOUIS NAPOLEON. It is the brute force at the command of the single sovereign will. And that is not exceptional. It is not in settlement of a tremendous civil convulsion, as in the case of the provisional military government of the rebel States of the Union, but it is the normal condition. The French empire is, in fact, LOUIS NAPOLEON encamped in France. Progressive civilization in that country, therefore, is possible only in the degree that the Emperor sees the necessity of yielding a little here and there to save a revolutionary outbreak. But the great powers of civilization, free thought and free speech, are wholly paralyzed.

This is the empire which is peace. This is the Imperialism which the Imperial Minister celebrates, and which strives to give France a material prosperity in the glitter of which the rags of her moral and political poverty may be hidden. "The empire," said M. THIERS to M. ROUHER, the Minister, "has produced a great Minister." "Ah!" replied M. ROUHER, bowing in smiling deprecation, "and who may that be?" "I mean," continued THIERS, "two great Ministers." "Yes? and who are they?" asked M. ROUHER. "CAVOUR and BISMARCK," answered THIERS. It is now more than fifteen years since the *coup d'état*; "and the empire has left no blunder uncommitted," says THIERS, sneering to his very soul. When that idea once seizes the mind of France the "supreme guarantee" must look to its strength, for even that will be suspected and attempted.

SEPARATE SUBMISSION OF A PROPERTY QUALIFICATION.

THE Constitutional Convention at Albany has rejected in Committee of the Whole the amendment of Mr. MURPHY of Brooklyn to submit separately to the people the question of retaining a property qualification for the colored citizens of the State. The debate upon this question continued for many days. It ranged over a very wide field and occasioned a great deal of interesting speculation upon the nature of society and the origin of political rights. It was by no means a fruitless discussion, for it is one of the advantages of such a Convention that it compels thoughtful reference to great principles, and reveals to men the reason of their faith.

The immediate point of the amendment, however, was very precise, and the circumstances were very peculiar. Mr. MURPHY, who introduced the amendment, is of opinion that the colored citizen ought not to vote, because he is of inferior capacity. But he said that, whatever his own opinions might be, the people of the State had decided that colored men should vote under certain conditions, and, accepting that decision, he now proposed to ask them if they had changed their opinion. Then Mr. MURPHY said that he did not approve of a property qualification. He thought it odious. The extraordinary fact, therefore, was that a gentleman who did not think colored men ought to vote proposed that they should vote; and the same gentleman opposing any property qualification as odious, moved an amendment to the effect that a property qualification should be submitted to the people. His own feeling was evident and his intention was not obscure. But such were the circumstances.

Now Mr. MURPHY opposed a property qualification—every gentleman of his party who spoke upon the subject opposed it. Every gentleman of the other party opposed it. Not a single member of the Convention during the long discussion approved it. A more perfect unity of opinion could not be conceived. But if there be any possible amendment to the Constitution that need not be and should not be separately submitted, is it not one upon which there is no difference of opinion whatever? There are two parties in the State. Each of them sends representatives to the Convention. Every one of those representatives agrees upon a certain subject. Is not that enough? What party will vote against it? If that point is to be separately submitted, must not every clause in the Constitution—or at least every point upon which there are grave differences of opinion—by an infinitely stronger reason be separately submitted?

It seems to us that the Committee did very wisely. The debate showed that there was no party in the State which favored a property qualification. It was therefore very properly dropped in the proposed section. But there was some disposition, we observe, to accuse the political majority of cutting off debate by pressing the question to a point on the evening when it was taken. But there was no such disposition. The majority were there to listen to any speech which any gentleman might make. It was rather hard, after so many days' discussion, to accuse the majority of tyranny because they were unwilling to await the return of certain gentlemen who, for their own pleasure, had absented themselves from the Convention.

If the action of the political majority in the Convention shall be as fair on all other points as it was upon the amendment of Mr. MURPHY in Committee of the Whole, there can be very little fault justly found with it.

ONE OR THE OTHER.

SECRETARY SEWARD's long letter upon the subject of SANTA ANNA's capture shows that he does not mean to invent causes of difficulty with Mexico. Indeed, after a kind of congratulation upon the overthrow of the empire, he ends his letter by declaring that only some great national offense would justify the Government in taking a hostile or even unfriendly attitude toward the Mexican Republic. The theory that Mr. SEWARD wished to make trouble with Mexico comes, therefore, very suddenly and conclusively to the ground. Indeed, to suppose that the Secretary seriously wished a war with Mexico was to suppose that he wished to make this Government contemptible in the generous minds of every nation. For we had just insisted upon the withdrawal of France upon the ground that Mexico should be left to work out her own destiny; and we should, in the case supposed, have been deliberately repeating the rôle of France in occupying and controlling the country.

The disgraceful proposition of Mr. JAMES BROOKS, in Congress, and the tone of very many influential papers in the country, should serve to admonish us all of a tendency toward a wholly inexcusable national conduct. For this purpose, also, nothing was more timely than the letter of the Mexican who was incorrectly reported as a member of the Cabinet of JUAREZ. In that letter he exposed the preposterous position of this country toward Mexico; and if it was in consequence of Secretary SEWARD's blunders, let the Secretary bear the blame. Here was a person affecting to be American Minister in Mexico writing to the Mexican Government by mail or messenger from the city of New Orleans. This person remonstrated with the Mexican authorities in regard to the treatment of MAXIMILIAN. But this person's superior ordered him to do so at the instance of Austria, the enemy of Mexico, and Austria, in urging the remonstrance, spoke of "the right" of our Government to remonstrate. Yet we who claimed to do this from especial friendship for the Mexican Republic had hindered its efforts to get arms and aid upon our soil while we had favored those of the empire for the same purpose. With proper indignation, therefore, the especial claim of our Government to interfere was repudiated.

One fact is indisputable. Except for us the French-Austrian Empire in Mexico would have remained and flourished until to-day. But we opposed it upon the principle of the Monroe doctrine, which was elaborated in Mr. SEWARD's correspondence with France; and that doctrine is the right of every country upon this continent to manage its domestic affairs at its pleasure. That, as we understand it, is our policy toward Mexico and the countries of Central America and beyond. If they will listen to our honest advice in any emergency, very well; if not, we have no cause of complaint. That Mexico is a chaotic country—that MAXIMILIAN would have given it a better government than can now be hoped for—that JUAREZ is merely a partisan leader and will be opposed by others of the same kind—that MAXIMILIAN's execution was a brutal blunder and crime—that Mexicans are ferocious and incapable half-breeds, and that all these late horrors would not have happened had General SCOTT remained in Mexico, may be all true statements, but they do not touch the case. Mexico has the same right to manage herself as she pleases, so far as we are concerned, that we have ourselves—until Mexico invades our rights or threatens our safety, when we may, of course, defend ourselves. When any body proposes that, for the sake of civil order, humanity, and the protection of the Mexicans, we should invade and occupy and regulate the country, we shall have the same

reason offered for making war upon a neighbor that every invading power has always urged.

There is no middle ground between this conduct and the policy of independent alliance which we are now pursuing. Those who demand "a policy" upon the subject mean that we should bully Mexico or devour it.

COMMERCIAL INTERCOURSE WITH THE "NEW DOMINION."

PAST commercial relations with the British American Provinces should convince the people of the United States that they ought not to be indifferent to the political movements now in progress in the New Dominion of Canada. When the policy of the new Government is fully developed, it will be found to embrace a comprehensive and wholesome plan for future action which must affect the material interests of the States no less than their own. It will depend upon the States, however, whether they use it to their own advantage or disadvantage.

If we examine the scheme under which New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and the Canadas have been confederated, we perceive at once that it is as nearly republican in form, and as nearly modeled after the United States, as is consistent with their avowed allegiance to the British crown. In the first place, we see a union of several colonies for mutual advantage, just as happened here a hundred years ago, each colony having its local Legislature, and collectively controlled by a central government. Lord MONCK is simply the Queen's representative. He appoints his Cabinet, as does the President of the United States. The two Houses of Parliament are elective. Suffrage is free and universal. The decimal system has been in vogue for some years, and the dollar corresponds with our specie dollar in value. A national currency will soon be substituted for the miscellaneous bank-notes now in circulation, and will thus be uniform with our own whenever we resume specie payments. There will be a specie deposit security of 33 per cent. upon the first issue of $5,000,000, and 25 per cent. for each additional $2,000,000, besides a deposit with BARING BROTHERS, at London, of the united debentures of the several Provinces. A new and liberal tariff will be adopted, operating uniformly in all parts of the New Dominion. The postal service will be improved and extended. There will be a central Treasury, with subtreasuries at the chief commercial ports. Laborers are already at work upon the Western Extension Railroad; the link between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia will be immediately completed, and ground broken for the long-talked-of "Intercolonial." Provision for the local army and navy will follow.

This is the plan as laid for the future. It is radiant with promise. Nevertheless a very large portion of the population lack faith and avow it openly. They are apprehensive of untried experiments. The country is in a transition state, when all is uncertainty, hesitation, and chaos. There are a dozen inharmonious political factions, each with a policy of its own. Some are exclusively British in their proclivities; others as decidedly American; and there are numerous intermediate shades of opinion. The Lower Provinces dislike to lose their individuality, and are jealous of Canadian preponderance. They have yet to learn practically that their Confederation is a strict partnership—the members with more or less capital sharing the profits and advantages proportionately—and that consequently the smaller Provinces, with their lesser revenues and lesser populations, must hold inferior place to Canada. At present they believe that the effect of the plan is to give Canada the oyster and themselves only the shells. In the midst of these perplexities business becomes deranged; money was never so scarce; real estate never so low; bank stocks depreciate, while the rate of interest is higher; laborers find little employment and low wages; capital lies idle; all kinds of business languish; and there is an unprecedented efflux of the people to the States. (We speak more particularly of the Lower Provinces.)

In such an unsettled state of affairs, it is natural to look in every direction for relief. All are striving for the attainment of one grand object—namely, the improvement of their present political status and the advancement of their material prosperity. Whatever step will most surely conduce to such results, the inhabitants will be ready to take. There are now but comparatively few earnest advocates of annexation; but when commercial intercourse is actively cultivated by the United States so as to become profitable to the Provinces and render the interests of the two countries mutual and identical; when the onerous taxes which we now endure are reduced, so that the advantages will largely outweigh the burdens to be borne; then our neighbors will find the inducements hard to reject, and will look more favorably upon the question of annexation. Under our present policy, however, we are simply using every means to discourage any latent inclination of the sort. We have repealed the Reciprocity Treaty, which was one of the strongest cords of union. We restrict trade by oppressive imposts. We tax lumber at such a rate that our ship-yards are idle, and we cut ourselves off from the rich timber districts of the Provinces, while we look about in vain for means to supply that deficit in our own resources which increases annually. We pay enormously for plaster, which exists in the Provinces in vast quantities and would fain seek a market. The valuable coal-fields of Nova Scotia are very many of them worked by Americans, all of whom are suffering from the effects of our existing narrow policy. There is a large amount of American capital invested in the Provinces in mines and manufactures and miscellaneous enterprises, which of itself affords a powerful element for annexation. There have always been considerable numbers of the native population who squint toward annexation; and we speak positively when we state that very many, even of the most rigid royalists, to-day confessedly accept annexation as the ultimate fate of the "New Dominion." Few of them will deny that commercial success, the development of the extraordinary resources of the country, and the infusion of elements that will stimulate enterprise and remove the weight that unaccountably seems to crush the efforts and energies of the Provincials, are the main objects to be attained now, even though they involve the penalty of annexation.

We have, therefore, in the States a golden opportunity such as was never offered before. We may take advantage of the present perplexities of our neighbors, and of their earnest desire to better their condition, to exert those all-powerful influences which may eventually lead them to accept what most Americans and many Canadians believe to be their "Manifest Destiny."

AN EASY MISUNDERSTANDING.

IT is always very easy to misunderstand. But even if it requires some effort to understand, it may be labor well spent. When Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS says that "we *should* labor to elect men to office merely because they are black," it is certainly not difficult to say that a man who recommends other men for office merely because their skins are black is not a wise man. But is that necessarily the meaning of his words? Is it probably their meaning? Is it not plainly *not* their meaning?

Mr. PHILLIPS may be a very troublesome gentleman; a fanatic; an incendiary; a Lollard, and an intransitive verb. But he has never been accused of wanting ordinary intelligence. He may be assumed to know that neither the color of a man's skin, nor his height, nor his weight, nor the shape of his nose, are any indication of his capacity properly to fill any political office. Therefore when he says so, it is inevitable that he means something else, and that something does not seem to us in the least difficult to perceive.

Mr. PHILLIPS knows, as we all know, that a certain prejudice against colored men still lingers in many minds; he knows that it is effectively a caste feeling, and that actual equality and justice are not really assured to them so long as that endures. Until then they are citizens upon sufferance; citizens in a certain sense by pity. They are tolerated merely, and do not stand upon the same simple plane of unquestioned equality upon which the rest of the population stand. Now he deprecates the fact, and he will do, as a good and wise citizen, all he can do to remedy so unhandsome a condition; and he says that, in his judgment, there is but one infallible sign that the feeling of caste in regard to such men has perished, and that is their election to office. Consequently we *should* labor to that end, both as a sign and as a help. He does not say abstractly that color is a proof of official capacity; but he does say that in the present circumstances of this country there is a feeling of caste founded upon color, and that if we earnestly wish to destroy it we shall prove it by electing them to office. This may be a mistaken view—although we think it would be accepted in any other case—but it is certainly perfectly intelligible, and it is very far from absurd.

INSTINCT WITHOUT BRAINS.

LONG ago it was ascertained by naturalists that worms and insects are without a brain, and yet they pursue a course of activity which bears so much upon the domain of reason that we are accustomed to say they act from instinct, which is no explanation at all of phenomena in the higher orders of organic life which have their origin in the brain. If that organ is severely injured, so that its normal functions are no longer performed, consciousness and orderly manifestations of its influence are interrupted or suspended.

But the insect world swarms with beings of the most delicate construction, without hearts and without brains, whose movements and habits, independently of thousands of contingencies to which they are exposed, prove in the most satisfactory manner that their acts are a near approach to the elements of a reasoning faculty, if they do not indicate reason itself.

When, by accident, a thread of a spider's web is broken the little weaver examines the misfortune with extreme care, and, by taking different positions, surveys the damage, and then proceeds artistically to repair it by splicing or inserting an entire new cord.

Again, when a wandering fly becomes entangled in the net, the cautious approach of the owner of the trap, lying patiently near by for game, indicates calculation in regard to the character and strength of the victim. Does it not strangely resemble reason when all its movements, under such an aspect of affairs, shows beyond a doubt the spider considers the matter in all its relations before venturing to seize the prey? And yet spiders are without a brain.

A very nice question here very naturally suggests itself, which learned expounders of physiological laws are respectfully requested to explain. But, puzzling as this may be to answer—how there can be thoughts, and even an exercise of the kind of judgment employed by the spider in mending its web—there are other subjects for philosophical reflection quite as difficult to solve in the domain of vitality. By what process do infusorial and microscopic insects conduct their affairs, which seem also to be the result of something more than mere instinct, in their extraordinary exhibitions of themselves?

THIS NEW COUNTRY IS AN OLD ONE.

GEOLOGISTS make it pretty certain the American continent is the oldest in the series. But the idea prevails that man has not occupied it so long as he has Asia, Africa, and Europe. This is mere assumption. If pains were deliberately taken to classify the evidences that might be collected to show the antiquity of the works of man on both sides of the Rocky Mountains it would conclusively prove that man was here at a vastly remote period, even anterior to the mound-builders, and they flourished, perhaps, several thousand years before the advent of the Indians. It is not difficult to make reference to four distinct races who have existed here, fulfilled their destiny, and disappeared. Their demi-advances in civilization is faintly indicated by the merest fragments of designs, but which man alone could produce. How many races or generations had preceded even the oldest of the old of which we have vestiges is lost in the accumulating lumber of unrecorded cycles.

That this continent was untenanted by man till within the last thousand or five thousand years admits of a question, since the more the ground is overhauled by those with Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins the greater number of strange things come into view, indicative of an antiquity of the continent, and an antiquity, too, of man, which will become more perplexing as those relics are multiplied and examined. One may see throughout the whole series of the Western States indications that their population has been far greater heretofore than it may again be in two hundred years to come, under the best auspices of modern civilization.

CAPACITY OF THE HUMAN LUNGS.

OUR chest is divided into two apartments by a vertical partition. The windpipe branches into two tubes just behind the top of the breast-bone—leading down to the lungs on either side of the heart, which is placed between them. Those organs in shape are like the hoof of an ox. They are entirely made up of air-cells, of irregular figure—each being approached by the extreme point of a tube which is one of the minute subdivisions of the windpipe—called bronchi. So delicately small are those air-cells, that 18,000 belong to a single lobule. Six hundred millions of them make up the whole breathing apparatus. It will be seen that we have two lungs, acting independently of each other, although receiving and expelling the air, through a large tube, into which both bronchial pipes unite. One lung may be diseased, while the functions of the other sustain life. If the diseased lung could be set at rest till the lesion were healed, or the pipe secured so no air could be drawn into it to increase the diseased surface, then pulmonary consumption could be effectually arrested, or life and health be maintained by the labors of one lung. When inflated, as in ordinary breathing, the six hundred millions of cells hold about one hundred and forty inches of atmospheric air. The oxygen of the air is imbibed, and with the outgoing air, which left its vitalizing properties, carbonic acid gas escapes.

No organs of our system are more abused. Tainted air, the inhalation of tobacco smoke, living too fast by stimulating the heart beyond its power by too much wine, too much whisky, and too much foul of any thing, and consumption sweeps off unnumbered thousands who might have lived to threescore and ten.

MECHANISM OF THE ORGANS OF VOICE.

NEARLY all the quadrupeds, as well as man, have a vocal apparatus nearly alike. There is an elastic semi-cartilaginous box, called a *larynx*, in which are two thin membranes put upon the stretch, like two short, thin ribbons—edge to edge. Below are the lungs, acting on the principle of bellows, which force a current of air up through the windpipe, and as it rushes between the tense margins of the vocal chords or ribbons, makes them vibrate. Such is the origin of the voice. Modified by the shape of the mouth, play of the tongue, movement of the lips, and the opposing firmness of the teeth, in connection with the cavities in the cheek-bones and nose, we have the human voice. All animal gradations below humanity, where the brain is less in volume and inferior in capacity, there is rarely much more than a simple characteristic voice, as the lowing of an ox, the bray of an ass, the barking of a dog, etc., which is a vibration of the vocal chords without much modification. Monkeys, ourang-outangs, and the quadrumania generally, at most, can only howl and chatter without giving any distinct, articulate sounds.

Our voices, then, are produced by the tremor or vibration of the chords, much as the sound is produced in the hautboy by a double reed. In birds, however, the reed is placed at the lower end of the windpipe, near the bellows—and any variation of tone which they are able to produce is by opening and closing the bill—equivalent to raising or closing a finger-hole on a flute. Insects are furnished with means of making sound by quite a different kind of mechanism, as they are without lungs or vibrating chords.

LITERARY.

WE know very little of Southern cooking, and what we do know is not generally very favorable. But a little reflection would show us that it ought to be very good or very bad, because the mistress of the household is obliged to devote personal attention to the matter or to abandon it altogether. But all our speculations are set at rest by the timely and admirable little work of Mrs. BARRINGER, of North Carolina. It is really the record of the experience of an accomplished Southern housekeeper, who tells us how to prepare the Maryland biscuit and the George Washington breakfast-cake, and whatever else is lickersome in tne cuisine of her section. It is a really valuable contribution to our domestic resources, and it is published in a modest, cheap, and convenient form by LORING, of Boston.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

THE closing week of the extra session was signalized by the transaction of little business of importance. On July 17 Mr. Sumner introduced a bill providing that no one shall be disqualified from holding office in the District of Columbia by reason of color, and it was passed. On the 18th the House passed it with several amendments, which the Senate concurred in.

The President's vetoes of the additional Reconstruction bill and appropriations were read on July 19; and the bills passed without debate by a vote in the Senate of 30 to 6, and in the House of 100 to 22.

An adjournment to November 21 took place on July 20.

SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

A Judge in Lexington, Kentucky, recently rendered a decision adverse to granting a writ of *habeas corpus* to take a prisoner out of the hands of the Freedmen's Bureau.

General Sickles has decided to form his registration boards of one black and two white men.

The registration for Davidson County, which includes the city of Nashville, Tennessee, was concluded on July 20. The number of whites enrolled is 1600 against 4400 blacks; a total of 6000, or about 500 less than the average white vote before the war.

On July 14, while the freed people of Sterling, Robertson County, Texas, were worshiping in their church, they were attacked by four desperadoes, who said the "d—d negroes should not hold church." They then drove the colored people away, shooting down in cold blood three of their number, two men and one woman. The Agent of the Freedmen's Bureau in two hours collected 100 of the freedmen, who, mounted and armed, pursued, overtook, and captured two of the villains, who are now in custody.

NEWS ITEMS.

A new channel was formed in the Missouri River at Peru, Iowa, on the 5th of July, by the action of the current, cutting through a narrow neck of land and shortening the route by twenty miles. By this cut-off several thousand acres of land and the town of Hamburg, Iowa, were transferred to the State of Nebraska.

The recovery by Mr. Rufus Lord of $1,400,000 of bonds stolen in 1865 was effected through a New York banking-house, which received them from Baring Brothers, of London, who had them from a London lawyer, a sort of Mr. Jaggers, who forced the guilty one, who was his client, to give them up.

Frederick Douglass has just met with a brother who had been in slavery for forty years. In a letter to a friend, announcing his brother's arrival at Rochester, he says: "The meeting with my brother after nearly forty years separation is an event altogether too affecting for words to describe. How unutterably accursed is Slavery, and how unspeakably joyful are the results of its overthrow! The search now being made, and the happy reunions now taking place all over the South, after years of separation and sorrow, furnish a subject of the deepest pathos."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE movement of Garibaldi for the liberation of the city of Rome from Papal rule has so far excited the apprehensions of the Pope that on July 15 he appealed to the Emperor Napoleon for protection, and had ordered the batteries about the city to be strengthened and garrisoned. In response to the appeal of the Pope Napoleon notified the King of Italy of the threatened movement of Garibaldi, but took no other action. Garibaldi announced to a public meeting at Pistoia on July 19 that "the time had come for liberating Rome from Papal tyranny and restoring to the city her ancient freedom."

The news from Mexico is to July 13. Maximilian's body was *en route* to Vera Cruz to be delivered to the Austrian authorities. Escobedo has court-martialed and shot twelve other general officers and four Colonels. General Ortega is still in prison. It is stated that Santa Anna was not shot but remains in prison at Campeachy. Juarez has issued an order for the convocation of the Liberal Congress in Mexico city to elect a President, he declining to serve any longer.

The latest advices from Crete are not encouraging for the Christians. At least half the island has fully submitted, and more than 3000 stand of arms have been given up. This is up to June 27. Still the Greeks say that there is no idea of succumbing.

Provisional-President Salnave, of Hayti, was elected on June 14 President for the term ending May 1871. The presidential term, as now fixed, is four years; previously it was for life.

The cholera is raging fearfully in the Isle of Mauritius. At the latest advices from there (May 24) the dead and dying lay unattended in the streets, every other house was closed, some of the shipping was affected, the hospitals were insufficient, and quinine was selling at $75 an ounce.

Louis Kossuth, who was at first indisposed to accept the terms of the restoration of her old constitution to Hungary, has availed himself of the amnesty declared by Francis-Joseph, returned to his country, and is a candidate for the Hungarian Parliament from the town of Waitzan.

Martial-law was declared by the Queen of Spain in Catalonia on July 16, on account of the revolutionary movements of General Prim.

Maximilian's mother, the Archduchess Sophia, has evinced signs of insanity since hearing of his death.

THE PLATTE RIVER AT NORTH PLATTE.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

ETHAN ALLEN.

WE give on page 485 a handsome engraving of the fast trotter, Ethan Allen. The original of this picture was taken by instantaneous photography by ROCKWOOD, and is as perfect a picture of the animal as can be obtained.

Prominent as Ethan Allen is in the Racing Calendar, it is almost impossible to give the truth in regard to his pedigree and performances. He is now a little over 18 years of age, having been foaled in Hague, Warren County, New York, on June 19, 1849. He was bred by Mr. O. S. ROE, who formerly owned him, and from whom we have obtained the few reliable statements which are to be had regarding his pedigree. His sire was Vermont Black Hawk, and his dam a gray mare whose pedigree is unknown, and who was brought to New York a short time before the birth of Ethan Allen. He is supposed to be a descendant on the mother's side of Messenger, but this is not positively known, although it is frequently very positively stated.

Of his performances previous to the fast race made by him on June 21, 1867, we know little that is positive. He was beaten by Flora Temple at Baltimore, December 1, 1859, in 2.25¼; again at Fashion Course during the same season in 2.25; and beat Columbus, Jun., at the National Horse Fair, Boston, in 1859, in 2.31.

His most remarkable trot was made on the Fashion Course, Long Island, on June 21, 1867, when he and his running mate beat the famous Dexter in harness in the remarkable time of 2.15, 2.16, and 2.19. The horses were in splendid condition at the time, and the day and track were particularly fine, but no one expected that any thing like the extraordinary speed displayed by both animals would be exhibited. The time has never been beaten in this country.

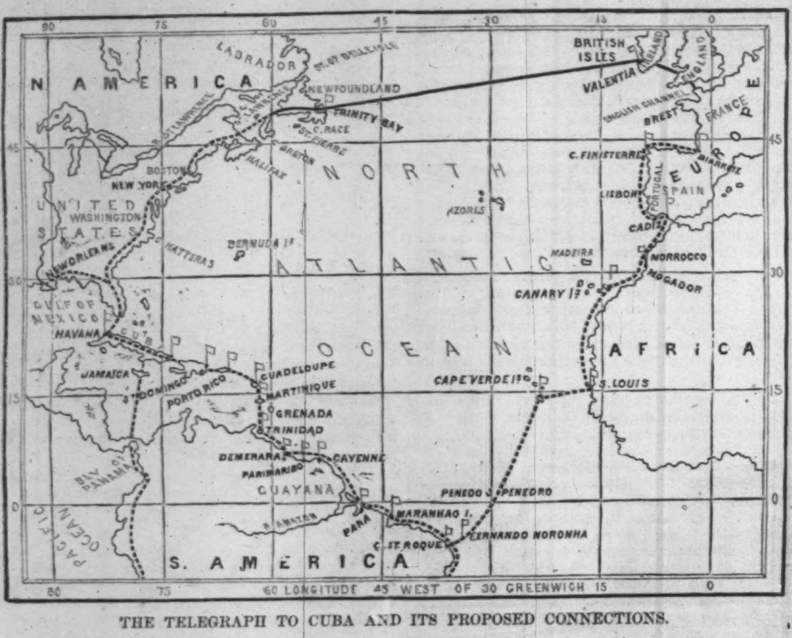
TRAVELING ON A PRAIRIE CANON.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

GENERAL CUSTER'S INTERVIEW WITH PAWNEE KILLER.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

SIOUX INDIANS ATTEMPTING TO STAMPEDE GENERAL CUSTER'S HORSES.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

THE FAST TROTTER "ETHAN ALLEN."—From an Instantaneous Photograph by Rockwood.—[See Page 484.]

THE WHITE PELICAN.—Drawn by S. C. Beard.—[See Page 494.]



THE TELEGRAPH TO CUBA AND ITS PROPOSED CONNECTIONS.

THE TELEGRAPH TO CUBA.

It is not improbable that by this time New York city and Havana, Cuba, are connected by an ocean telegraph; that the present year will find us in instant communication with all the islands of the West India group; and that a very short time only will elapse before we shall have, by the same means, daily reports from the Cape of Good Hope and the republic of Liberia. The long-proposed scheme of an ocean-telegraph line *viâ* the West Indies to South America and the African coast is about to be carried into effect; and the first line of the electric chain will, in all human probability, have been completed when our readers peruse this article.

This enterprise is being conducted by the International Ocean Telegraph Company of this city, whose extensive plan is shown by the diagram which we publish on this page. This company was organized in 1865, the original projectors being Captain JAMES A. SCRYMSER and ALFRED PELL, Jun., General WILLIAM F. SMITH being subsequently associated with them and assuming charge as President of the company. It has built a line through Florida 400 miles in length, and is already operating from New York to Key West. The submarine cable to be laid from Key West to the coast of Cuba has been finished in England, and was shipped from Liverpool on June 27, direct for Havana. The work of submerging it was to have begun on July 15, and it was anticipated that only a few days would be necessary to complete the work. The successful laying of this wire would at once open communication with all parts of Cuba.

The subsequent links of the chain are best shown by a reference to the diagram which we give. The several islands of the group, including Jamaica, St. Domingo, St. Thomas, etc., are within short distances of each other, and great inducements have been made to secure the proposed extension. The Government of Spain granted a concession giving the International Ocean Telegraph Company the exclusive right for forty years to lay all cables between Cuba and the United States, and by a Royal Order issued recently the Captain General of Cuba was directed to afford every facility in carrying out the project. The State of Florida has also granted a similar exclusive concession for a period of twenty years, which has been further ratified and sanctioned by the Government of the United States.

The Venezuelan Government had entered into a contract with parties to connect that country with European lines by means of a telegraph cable to Cuba. The Government is to pay $30,000 quarterly for thirty-three years, and have its dispatches sent free.

A very liberal grant has also been made by the Argentine Government to establish a telegraphic line between Buenos Ayres and the Chilian frontier, which, in connection with the telegraph system of Chili and the projected coast-line of the Hispano-American Inter-Communication Company from Valparaiso to Panama, for which grants are now being sought, will place the southwest and eastern coasts of South America in immediate communication with the West India Islands, the United States, and Europe.

The importance of these lines to the merchants of this country can not be calculated. The trade of the West Indies amounts to nearly $500,000,000 a year, and, partly owing to the superior means of communication sustained by Great Britain with that region, three-fourths of this traffic is transacted directly by English merchants. The Isthmus of Panama is the natural focus of the whole trade of the Pacific. The commerce of the southwest coast, which, according to all laws political and geographical should belong to us, is now almost entirely in the hands of the European commercial communities, attributable, mainly, to the same liberal system of postal connections whereby England fosters indirectly the establishment of markets for her principal staples. Were our merchants placed in telegraphic communication with the West India Islands, Brazil, and the republics of Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chili, and Argentine, there would be no reason why a fair average of the commerce of these countries should not be directed to us. The success of the line to Cuba, and its extension to the other islands and to Brazil, Panama, etc., will undoubtedly greatly affect this commerce in favor of American merchants.

A GOOD MATCH.

THERE was a very nice smell in Mother Gatty's kitchen—not of night-blooming cereus, nor balm-of-a-thousand-flowers, but of warm gingerbread, new bread, and hot apple-pie. There they sat in a fragrant row on the red swing-table, covered over with a white towel. And there sat Mother Gatty in a yellow rocking-chair that squeaked when she rocked—busy with her embroidery, which happened to be "blue-mixed" and more useful than ornamental.

"I declare for't if you ain't going to the donation after all;" and the closing door and loud cheery voice started Mother Gatty from *some* pleasant reverie as she turned quickly toward the new-comer, who was already lifting the white towel—regular descendant of Eve as she was—to see where all this nice smell came from and inquire where it was all going to.

"Why, Martha Seaver! I do say! Well! ain't they *nice* enough for any donation-table; but I haven't altered my mind a bit—they're not for the parsonage, I assure you—not but that I'd be willin' to do that and plenty more for good Mrs. Spencer; but something else is in my head now, I can tell you. Look a-here," and, rising, she went to a wall-basket, bright with roses and daffodils, hung by a green cord to the wall, and taking out a yellow-enveloped letter, directed in a bold, manly hand to Mrs. Mehetabel Gatty, and post-marked New York (as eyes less used to close scanning than Martha Seaver's might have easily seen), drew out, with evident satisfaction, the secret of her morning preparations. "Only to think of it! I wonder my head wasn't so turned that I should have burned up my cake and spoiled my pies entirely. My Jimmy come to something at last! and I a-grieving and mourning myself to death like good old Jacob, not knowing he was alive or dead."

Martha Seaver's eyes were wide open with expectation and curiosity. Hasn't Jimmy Gatty gone off months before just as this same Martha Seaver was secretly beginning to hope he was "coming to something" as far as *she* was concerned. But Mother Gatty knew less of this than her son Jimmy even, and *he* hadn't *much* more than *suspected* it; while in Martha's own mind had since lain a little hidden, quaking fear that his sudden leave-taking of a good old mother might possibly have borne some relation to such a surmise on his part.

"Well, what of the letter!" exclaimed Martha at last, somewhat weary of the long silence, as Mother Gatty's eyes slowly ran down the one-filled page as if the contents after all were a little too good to be shared by even one other person.

"Oh yes, sure enough! Well, it's so *near* I suppose it's hardly worth while to make you promise to keep a secret," said Mother Gatty, provokingly tantalizing in her way of keeping tight hold of her good news as long as possible. "And she a rich girl and used to nice things, but *sensible*, and not likely to be ashamed of any thing in my old home. Coming to-night I declare, and I a-sitting here. I ought to be a-doing, I hardly know what, this blessed minute!"

"You don't mean to say that Jimmy's married, and going to be *here*, with a *bride, to-night!*" exclaimed Martha Seaver, rising, and endeavoring to appear a little less surprised than she was able; "and a rich girl, too; and—and are they to live here with you?"

"Live here, goodness no! Did Joseph leave his gold chains and purple to go back and live with old Jacob? Live here! when he's got a good clerkship in a grand city, and going to have a home fit for a king, I'll venture! And though he don't say it, I'm more'n persuaded it'll be *me* that'll make the next move. I think I could stand it right well; a little rest and comfort in my last days!"

"Well, as Van Brunt says, 'There's something happening most days,' and this seems like a tremendous happen," said Martha, rising, and pinning her shawl carefully. "I hope they'll get here without any air-castles getting ruined; and that's more likely than that Jimmy will be able to stand all the temptations of a city life and ways, especially when sprung on him in so sudden a manner."

Did you ever happen, in a summer's walk in a forest, to pluck a beautiful wax-like Indian pipe, and feel any surprise after the warmth of your hand had sheltered it a moment to see it suddenly growing black beneath your touch until you were glad to leave it with the refuse and mould where it grew? Then you can have a faint idea of the change which Mother Gatty's placid countenance underwent at Martha's slight insinuation with regard to Jimmy's powers of bearing promotion with due safety.

"Temptations! and what are they? Don't talk to *me* of temptations! It's envy! sheer envy! I've seen it many a time before! Some people are very good to *sympathize* in trouble; but I tell you it ain't every one can obey the Scripture rule, 'Rejoice with them that *do rejoice!*' But I won't waste words, and I must go to work. Call in to-morrow and we shall see," was her parting call, as, softening a little, she opened the door Martha had rather hastily closed after her; and then she hurried back—once more to read over the letter—and then to put the old house in the very best order. And in the very best order it was, and Mother Gatty too, that evening at precisely 7 o'clock, when, after jumping up for the twentieth time, she was at last "certain sure" the old stage, with two heavy trunks behind, was actually stopping before her own green-painted and time-worn front gate.

First of all jumped out such a very tall young man that one could not help thinking of Jack's bean-stalk; and that was Jimmy Gatty. Jimmy Gatty all over from the enameled tips of his blue gaiters to the tassel on his traveling-cap. In one hand he held a fiddle-case and a lady's straw basket, and with the other lifted with easy grace the lady herself from the coach. A little blue-eyed doll of a thing with a good deal of scarlet ribbon, gossamer veil, and glittering buttons about her. And this was Jimmy Gatty's wife; and it is to be hoped she believed in her husband as heartily as he did in himself. One could ask no more than that.

Mother Gatty wavered for a moment in the porch under the hop vines, looking out with proud and tender eyes, while shawls and boxes were handed from the coach which swayed and groaned as though in a hurry to go on with its precious mail-bags and express parcels. At last she wavered toward the ribbons and buttons.

"How do you do, *Mis' Gatty?*—I s'pose I must call you," said she, reaching out her honest brown hand with some uncertainty.

She wanted to take the little creature up close to her motherly heart, kiss her a little, cry over her a little, and love her a good deal; but she was not sure whether it was proper to do those things to a city lady. However, at that instant the stage started on with a creak and a crack, and Jimmy had leisure to look around.

"Holloa, mother! You look all right! This is *me*, and this is my *wife*, Mathilde; but *Matty* is her name; that is what you must call her," said he, cheerily, managing for all his boxes and bundles to hold out one hand and touch his mother's cheek with his lips. Whatever faults he might have, Jimmy Gatty had always a warm heart.

Then in a flash every thing seemed changed, and Mother Gatty drew the little wife close up in her kindly arms, feeling as though she had rocked her in her cradle and known her like one of her own ever since. From that instant Jimmy Gatty's marriage was a success, so far as his mother was concerned. And little Mrs. Mathilde herself, who had hardly been out of New York before, and knew nothing about bare floors and hard work, followed her new mother in her flowered chintz gown, which was short for convenience and not for fashion (and that made *such* a difference in effect!), into the clean, painted kitchen, which was dining and living and reception room; and ate the warm gingerbread and new apple-pie, seasoned with caraway, with childish delight and relish.

"I never *saw* any thing so perfectly sweet! I wish we might always live here, Jamie!" cried she, pouring some cream, warmed with tea, into her saucer for a white and brown spaniel she had brought all the way from New York in her arms. Mathilde Gatty had such a pretty, affectionate way that nobody could help loving her, but it seemed she could be of no more real use than a flaxen-haired wax doll when it came to helping on her husband, who, weak himself, so sorely needed help in meeting bravely and firmly what was coming to him with swift, sure feet.

"Jim Gatty's wife never will set the great river a-fire, but she is sweet and pretty, and if she is rich, as they say she is, I wonder she couldn't do better than take up with such a poor stick as Jim," said Martha Seaver, who never fully approved of any thing which did not and never could belong to her.

This was at a little tea-party Mother Gatty had given in honor of her guests, and Martha was wiping dishes after supper with Sarah Juniper, out in the sink-room.

"Jim is handsome, and when he sets up about any thing there is no getting rid of him; he will have his way, any how," returned Sarah, with the air of a philosopher, as she dropped a spoonful of soap into the dish-water.

Just then Mrs. Jim Gatty herself flew in, dressed in white embroidered muslin and blue ribbons.

"Oh, please do let me help you! Do you know I am going to have you both to see me in New York at Christmas. If you don't like to take the journey alone Jamie shall come for you. There! Let me carry those custard-cups away; I know just where they belong," said she, flitting away like an animated doll, and never thinking afterward of her invitation, or of the girls either, till they came in her way again.

This was only two days before the visit was coming to an end, and the next day Jimmy had packed the trunks and sat playing with his fiddle, while Mathilde on the floor by his side played with Tiny, the brown-and-white spaniel; and Mother Gatty, in the creaking yellow chair, sewed a binding on Jimmy's coat.

"Mother!" said Jimmy, suddenly, putting down his fiddle.

Mother Gatty looked up from her binding wistfully.

"I was only making up my mind to ask you about—about how things went on *here* after I left you some time ago."

Mother Gatty gave a keen look over her spectacles at the little Mathilde, which did not escape Jimmy's notice, and he remarked:

"Oh! Mathilde knows every thing. If I had not gone away as I did I should never have been here with her now. But we will not go into that at present. I had many a troubled hour about you those first weeks, I assure you, and I made up my mind fully never to see you again unless I could come in some *better* shape than when I left. I'm afraid I have more pride than the Prodigal Son. At any rate, it wasn't HUSKS that made *me* desirous of turning homeward;" and he bestowed a loving look on Mathilde as he spoke.

"Better than husks, I'll be bound!" said Mother Gatty, looking in the same direction, in token of her appreciation of Jimmy's remark.

Just here the conversation was interrupted by a farewell call from Martha Seaver, who, having "understood the bride was about leaving, could not let her go without a good-by;" and soon all the good-bys were said, and Mother Gatty was alone again. But before that time came something else was said; something which Martha Seaver's call interrupted before it was well begun.

"Mother," said Jim again, following her on the last morning into the buttery, where she stood skimming off cream for the codfish, "have you got such a matter as fifty dollars or so by you that you sha'n't want to use for a few weeks? You see it is just here. Matty's father is doing a tip-top business, with a clear profit of forty dollars a day, and I am going in with him, taking half the risks (which are really *none*), and having half the profits after six months. It is a capital chance for me, but as I haven't put in any thing I sort o' hate to begin to draw out at the very start, and if you could let me have a fifty or so I should like it first-rate. I shall be in a condition to pay you back that and all the rest of the money I have had of you very soon; but you can understand, I feel a little delicate about it now. You have worked hard in your day, mother, and I have been something of an anxiety and expense to you: but that is all over now; I am going in for the almighty dollar after this, and I intend *you* shall dress in black silk every day, and just sit and fold your hands."

Mother Gatty smiled to think how wretched she should be if any thing so uncongenial ever happened to her, but I don't think she felt there was really any danger of it; and putting down her basin of cream, she reached a broken sugar bowl from the top shelf of the buttery cupboard.

"I've got just that much money here, Jimmy. I've been saving it up to buy an Alderney cow; but I don't much mind if I get along with what dairy I have this summer. Two cows will be as much, perhaps, as I shall care about attending to," said she, cheerfully.

"I don't *want* you taking care of so much milk, mother. But if you need the money for any thing else any time let me know at once," replied Jimmy, slipping it into his pocket with the air of a landlord taking his dues.

He would not have felt as though he had been home if he had gone away without that little episode.

Then he went away with his wife and his fiddle, and Mother Gatty was left alone to wonder over and over, day after day, while she rocked and builded air-castles, about her Canaanitish future—why the direct, tangible, immediate invitation to the Promised Land was so long delayed. Letters came, month after month, from the little housewife, until the bright-flowered wall-basket was plumped out like a Thanksgiving turkey; but no special word saying "*Come*" could be construed from their loving, indefinite pages. Neither could she quite make up her mind as to *how* they were living. "Cozily housekeeping on a fourth-floor with two rooms," was the most definite idea that they had given her.

Ah, Mother Gatty! could you but have looked into the second and smaller of those two rooms now and then, you would no longer wonder about delayed invitations. Your hopes of reaching Canaan would fail, even as did the Prophet's on Mount Nebo, when he knew he was taking his farewell look of the glory beyond. In that second small room was a closet, and on one shelf stood—never full, and sometimes nearly emptied—a large flask bottle, the contents of which, when poured into the cup beside it, knew how to "give its color aright," and the results of which were daily becoming more manifest, and hastening on the time when they should prove the adder's sting and serpent's bite to one dearer to her than any other on earth. "Jimmy," in his short and happy home-visit, had carefully abstained from relating the occupation of his intended father-in-law; nor could she, poor soul! once suspect that Mathilde's wealth was not won wisely.

Two slow winters had come and gone, two springs had wept and smiled themselves away: and when the second summer came to wither the May flowers and open the roses, James and Mathilde Gatty came home again. This visit was entirely unexpected to good Mother Gatty, who

was chopping cheese-curd in the back stoop when the stage stopped.

"One more pinch of salt," said she to herself, tasting the curd, and reaching out her hand toward the wooden salt-bowl.

But that last pinch never went in, for just then a pair of soft arms stole around her waist, and, turning her head quickly, she saw Mathilde's face, sweet and girlish as ever! Mother Gatty looked into it an instant, then she looked an instant at the ceiled roof overhead.

"I don't see any *hole*," said she, gravely. Then she dropped two or three tears on Mathilde's curls, while Mathilde cried a little on her shoulder; and this was the reason one of Mother Gatty's fat yellow cheeses went to press a little too fresh.

At this time, instead of the brown-and-white spaniel, Mathilde brought in her arms a bundle which was half made up of dainty embroidery and half of baby, with yellow fuzz on its head. This baby—this "golden-haired Gertrude"—was all the outward sign of change in the Gatty family; but one can not judge always what the song of a bird may be by seeing the egg-shell.

The next morning after their arrival, while Jimmy was fiddling the baby to sleep up stairs, Mathilde came out to Mother Gatty picking pease in the garden.

"Bless her heart! she is just as pretty as a sweet-pea blow," thought Mother Gatty looking out from under her green berage sun-bonnet at the pink and white cambric wrapper with the pink and white face above it.

"I've come to help you," said Mathilde, beginning to strip off the pea-pods, "and to ask you if you will let me stay and help you always," she continued.

"What *do* you mean, my dear child?" exclaimed Mother Gatty, astonished enough to turn into a pillar of salt then and there.

"I'll tell you, mother, all about it," replied Mathilde, settling down among the vines, and falling to picking leaves instead of pods. "Perhaps you know, and perhaps you don't know my father is a wine-merchant, wholesale and retail, and Jamie is in with him. Now I have never thought until very lately but *that* business is as good as any other, and maybe it is for some people. I am only a little thing and can't judge. But I know it never will do for *Jamie;* he is getting fonder of wine than he is of me, and growing unsettled every way; so I have just made up my mind that the best place for us is out of sight and hearing of New York. Jamie is as kind-hearted as he can be, and I am sure you and I and the baby together can do any thing with him if we can just keep him here. So if you will only say you can't do without us any longer I am sure, mother, it will be his salvation; and I know I'll like housework, if you'll teach me how to do it."

A wood-pecker tapped, self-invited to breakfast, at the door of a worm's nest in one of the trees of the bit of woodland which came up close behind the garden; a partridge on a mossy log drummed, with his body for drum-head and his wings for sticks; a tree-toad trilled out his cry for more rain; and, mingling with these summer sounds, James Gatty's fiddle made soft harmony, floating out from the open window where he sat looking into the garden at the pretty picture of the pink and gray gowns among the green vines, with a bright border behind of hollyhocks and poppies, marigolds and red roses, French pinks and tiger lilies; and on this moment, consequent and peaceful as it seemed, James Gatty's future depended.

"Father won't like to have Jamie leave him, I know that; but you have the first right, and you *need* him, don't you, Mother Gatty?" pleaded Mathilde, with no look of a doll, but of an earnest human soul in her blue eyes.

There was no need though of pleading to the mother to reach out her hand to save her boy. And it was not very difficult, here in the midst of these sweet home influences, to induce Jimmy, whose worst fault was infirmness of purpose, not to return to New York.

So he staid and made terraces and fountains, and duck-ponds and bird-boxes, persuading himself and the loving hearts of the women that he was carrying on his mother's small farm and taking the burden of life from her shoulders to his. While little Mathilde flitted about the live-long day, busy and beautiful as a butterfly, but of more value than a whole generation of butterflies; for the untried, unformed child, wakened to the duties of life by being mated to one weaker than herself, developed into a brave and useful woman who has saved a soul from drifting on to utter ruin. Because Jamie, though he was never worth a row of pins for taking care of himself alone, now hemmed in and upheld by the strengthening force of tender family cares, while he is removed from outward evil temptations, makes a very good husband and father—as husbands and fathers go—and quite a harmless, respectable man among men.

"I *said* Jim Gatty's wife never would set the great river afire, and she never has, but she turns out to be just the right sort of a person for Jim. You never know for sure who will be a good match for you until you have *tried* it," commented Martha Seaver.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Last week, in the usual weekly report which is made in regard to the sanitary condition of our city, two deaths were mentioned as having occurred under peculiar and distressing circumstances. The facts, briefly stated, are in substance as follows: Mrs. ——, aged 30, living at No. — Eighth Avenue, died of typhoid fever after three weeks' illness. The whole family were taken sick at the same time, and (having no relatives) consequently suffered lack of nursing. No person could be induced to give the needed care, and they were left many hours at a time without nursing. The husband and father died of the same fever at Charity Hospital. He was removed from No. — Eighth Avenue; the case was aggravated by want of nursing at home, and by his own excitement and care for a delirious wife and six children. "Thus," justly remarked the reporter, "from want of the necessary nursing and care—such as women gave most willingly in the war—a father and mother were lost, and a family of orphans and paupers was made." There is no need for one who is genuinely desirous of doing good to go to a far-off heathen country for an opportunity; no need to go through a tedious preliminary training to master a difficult foreign language, or to become acclimated to a new and trying life. There is great need for benevolent workers in our very midst. Doubtless many are called to go to foreign lands; but are there not many others who would gladly, though more quietly it may be, be missionaries to the friendless sick in this city? There are many in this field now—and there is room for more. The first care of an earnest, intelligent missionary, whether in New York or Hindostan, is to relieve immediate bodily suffering. It is of no use to offer a man the Bible when he is famishing for bread and meat; nor does the best tract in the world do any good to one tossing in the delirium of fever. As Artemus Ward once remarked, "it is an excellent idea to send flour and bacon along with the Gospel." This principle is becoming generally understood, and much self-denying, personal care is taken to ascertain and relieve the wants of the poor among us. Such instances as the above, we believe, must be rare; but many lives might be saved during the hot summer months by judicious nursing and care of the sick poor.

The general health of the city is now infinitely better than at a corresponding time last year. Excessive mortality occurs only in the overcrowded and uncleanly sections, where little children chiefly suffer the penalty of foul air and filthy houses. Every week there is in some parts of the city a "fearful massacre of the innocents."

Recently some singular cases of poisoning have occurred, from which parents and others who have the care of children may learn a lesson. An infant in this city, only ten months old, got access to an enameled card-board box containing candies. She not only ate some of the sugar plums, but a part of the box; and subsequently was seized with violent vomiting and purging, and exhibited all the symptoms of arsenical poisoning. She continued to grow worse and died. An analysis was made of the paper card, and arsenic found in it. The verdict of the jury was, "that deceased came to her death by poisoning by arsenic, from eating a piece of an enameled card-board box, said box having been used to contain candies."

Twin daughters of a gentleman living in Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, were poisoned to death last week by eating friction matches. They were about four years old. When it was discovered that they had swallowed the poison, the mistake was made of trying to expel it by cathartic instead of emetic remedies, with a fatal result.

A very singular accident recently occurred to a three-year old child in Bridgeport, Connecticut. He put by mistake into his mouth a torpedo instead of a sugar-plum, and the explosion that followed knocked out three of his teeth and lacerated his lips.

Accidents from the use of kerosene continue to be frightfully common. A short time since a servant girl in Brooklyn, in renewing the fire of the range, emptied upon the coals a quantity of kerosene, which instantly blazing up communicated with the fluid remaining in the can. She was so injured that death ensued in an hour and a half.

In London, a butcher was sentenced to twenty-one days' imprisonment, with hard labor, without the option of a fine, for sending a sheep to the London market which was unfit for human food. The magistrate considered it was a serious case, as the defendant acknowledged having sent hundreds to the market worse than the one for which he was summoned. Vendors of bad meat, every where, should be made to suffer the full penalty of the law.

A baker in Syracuse has set a good example, which it would be only right and just for all bakers to follow, as well as dealers in general. He has given public notice that the price of his bread has been reduced $1 per 100 loaves, and this too without reducing their size or their quality. When the price of flour falls, the price of bread ought to be reduced also. But it is very difficult for dealers to see that it is a poor rule that will not "work both ways." They are always ready, unsolicited, to raise their prices if there is the slightest occasion. European bakers, it is said, vary the prices of their loaves from day to day, according to the fluctuations of the market.

The latest fraud is thus described: A young man of genteel address, entering a fashionable bar-room, struts to the bar and familiarly calls for a glass of bourbon, and on turning to look about the room sees a half-dozen or more strangers and invites them to join him in drinking confusion to the Excise law. After all have drank, the stranger calls for a paper of Century Tobacco, and on opening it, to the surprise of all, he takes from it a $100 note. Of course Champagne is ordered, when suddenly the stranger, looking at the clock, recollects an appointment, and, throwing down the newly-found Treasury-note, tells the barkeeper to keep $10 for himself, pays for the wine, gets his change, and takes his departure. It is almost needless to say that the note is spurious.

Those who went late into the country were the gainers in one respect—they found a second edition of strawberries and raspberries awaiting them. The wild berries have been very plentiful this year, and in general very nice, although the flavor is quite different from that of the cultivated ones. And this reminds us of a little four-year-old from the city, who, on being asked if she had had any strawberries since she came to the country, replied, "Yes, Aunt Clara bought some 'wild' ones, and they were *terribly wild.*"

Thieves are becoming a trifle *too* bold. The Troy *Times* says that a collection was recently taken up in a church in that city to aid a sister society in rebuilding their house of worship. Contributions flowed in plentifully; the plate ran over with greenbacks. It was then placed on the receiving stand, and allowed to remain there until the congregation was dismissed. Then the trustees went up to count the money and take charge of it, but, strange to say, the greenbacks had disappeared. One or two bills scattered along the aisle showed that some adroit thief had robbed the plate and safely escaped among the retiring members of the congregation.

A singular instance of an insane man outwitting a sane one occurred a short time ago in Milwaukee. A police officer was detailed to take an insane man to an asylum. The man went along quietly until the end of the journey was reached, and instead of being delivered to the officers of the asylum, very quietly delivered the astonished officer, who, before he had an opportunity for an explanation, found himself locked up in a cell, and was told that a strait-jacket awaited him if he made any demonstrations. The insane man went away, having done his work in a very systematic manner, and was very soon after boasting of his feat. The officer, as soon as he could get the manager of the asylum to listen to him, made an explanation and sent for an acquaintance, who very soon set matters to rights. Search was made for the insane man, and he was found detailing his exploits, and very soon taken care of. The officer thinks he will look a little sharper next time.

It was reported that the death of the Archduchess Matilda of Austria was caused by treading upon a match. It is now stated that she was smoking a cigarette in her parlor, and when some one came in she hastily put it behind her, and her dress, which was of light material, caught fire, and she was burned to death.

Lawyers often indulge in grim humor, as an incident, related of a certain London barrister, shows. On one occasion, being a candidate for an election, he gave liberal orders to all the tradesmen whose votes he hoped to secure. This generous course involved him in the ordering of a handsome coffin from a flourishing undertaker who had a vote. After the election, the coffin was, to the great dismay of the family, sent home in a handsome hearse. The servants refused to admit it, but the lawyer himself, coming to the rescue, directed that it should be placed under his bed for the present; but to this proceeding his indignant spouse would not consent. The servants of the house also threatened to leave. So the lawyer sent the obnoxious article to his office, where it now lies, containing voluminous law reports and other records of dead cases. If a brother lawyer wishes to borrow a law-book, he is coolly referred to the coffin, and he generally remarks that it is "no matter—he'll step into the next office." In this way the legal coffin proprietor preserves his law library intact.

THE COLLEGE REGATTA AT WORCESTER.

The annual New York Yacht Club Regatta in New York harbor and "Regatta Week" at Worcester, Massachusetts, are the great events among the "outdoor sportsmen" of America. We have before given an illustration of the Yacht Regatta, and we give in this issue a double-page engraving illustrating the scenes at Worcester on July 19, the occasion of the latter event.

Springfield, Massachusetts, used to be the scene of the annual contest between the students of the two most ancient of our colleges, Harvard and Yale, but of late the placid and picturesque Lake Quinsigamond, near Worcester, and nearly midway between Boston and New Haven, has been the chosen scene of the trial of strength and skill in rowing. This year, too, the usual performances have been varied; the students of the two colleges have tested their strength with the bat as well as the oar; and citizens of Worcester have been permitted to enter the lists and display their prowess with the sculls.

THE BASE BALL MATCH.

The *fêtes* commenced on July 18 with a base ball match between the Sophomores of Harvard and Yale. The following are the names of the select nines who contested the game:

For Harvard—R. Shaw, Bowditch, Smith, Peabody, Willard, Bartlett, Severance, G. Shaw, and Rawle.

For Yale—Burrell, Cunningham, Fowler, Hooker, Ferry, M'Lane, Condict, Van Wyck, and De Grove.

The game began at three o'clock in the afternoon, and the playing was of the most superior character. Better batting and catching, in fact, were seldom seen, and the agility with which both parties moved over the ground in making the runs showed that each side had fully prepared itself by dint of long practice to sustain the high reputation it had already achieved in the base ball world. Nine innings were played. At the commencement of the last one the scores of runs stood twenty-three for Yale, twenty for Harvard, the former going to the bat. A few mishaps to the Yaleites put Harvard in possession, and the game at this juncture looked very dubious on both sides. The Massachusetts boys played quite carefully, but two lucky catches of foul balls by their opponents and the putting out of a prominent batsman on the third base turned the scale in favor of the Connecticuts, and they soon thereafter closed the inning, leading the Harvards by just one run. The announcement of this result was received with terrific cheers by the assemblage, who rushed in from all parts of the field to give their congratulations to the victors.

THE SCULL RACE.

After a night of the wildest festivities the regatta exercises were begun by a display of skill with the oars by Walter Brown, the champion oarsman of America, who rowed three miles against time, making the distance in twenty-three minutes. Then a scull race was rowed between John M'Kell of Cold Spring, Gilbert Ward of Newburg, John Tyler, Jun., of Boston, and Sidney Holbridge, in which M'Kell was the winner, rowing the distance (two miles) in 15m. 51s. Then followed

THE FRESHMAN RACE.

The Yale Freshman or Class of 1870 crew was as follows:

Wm. M'Clintock (stroke), Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.
R. Terry (port starboard), Irvington, New York.
T. F. Hinds (starboard waist), Richfield Springs, New York; weight, 145 lbs.
C. N. Chadwick (port waist), Old Lyme; weight, 141 lbs.
J. E. Curran (starboard bow), Utica, New York; weight, 131 lbs.
H. A. Cleveland (bow), New Haven, Connecticut; weight, 131 lbs.

Their boat is 49 feet long, 22 inches wide, weighs 160 pounds, and has a 3½-inch "back-bone."

The Harvard Freshman crew was as follows:

John W. Sanger (stroke), Boston, Massachusetts; weight, 152 lbs.
Theo. Parsons (port starboard), Cambridge, Massachusetts; weight, 149 lbs.
S. Van Rensselaer Thayer (starboard waist), Boston, Massachusetts; weight, 165 lbs.
S. M. Lowe (port waist), New York; weight, 152 lbs.
Brooks Adams (starboard bow), Quincy, Massachusetts; weight, 147 lbs.
Grinnell Willis (bow), Idlewild, New York; weight, 144 lbs.

Their boat was 51 feet long and only 19 inches wide, the narrowest boat yet rowed in any country.

The Yale boat had the inside position, nearest the judges' boat, on the start, and when the word was given both crafts struck out with a will, Yale leading slightly. On passing the grand stand the Harvards had come up even with their competitors, and tremendous cheers saluted both crews. Inspirited by this reception, both parties seemed to be keenly alive to the fact that the contest was to be a close one, and they struck away in a style that sent each wherry through the water like an arrow from a well-bent bow. On nearing the stake-boat both crews rounded beautifully, and put forth extra exertions for the home-stretch. Harvard now fell back a little, but so little as to be scarcely perceptible, and Yale, on passing the grand stand, in return was cheered to the echo. Though even at this point, it was thought that a few good pulls would enable the Harvard boys to make up their deficiency; but the sturdy strokes of the Yale crew, which had been kept up from the commencement of the race, told heavily in their favor, and they now, as if determined to win beyond all peradventure, shot ahead of their competitors about eight lengths, which distance they maintained until the judges' boat was passed, making the race in 19.38¼. The Harvards' time was 20.06.

The closing contest, called

THE UNIVERSITY RACE,

followed hard upon the heels of the other. The University crew of Yale is made up as follows:

William A. Copp (stroke), New England Village, Massachusetts; weight, 159 lbs.
Samuel Parry (port stroke), Chester, New Jersey; weight, 156 lbs.
William H. Lee (starboard waist), Chicago, Illinois; weight, 160 lbs.
James Coffin (port waist), Irvington, New York; weight, 150½ lbs.
William H. Ferry (starboard bow), Chicago, Illinois; weight, 141½ lbs.
George A. Adee (bow), Westchester, New York; weight, 134 lbs.

Their boat was made by James M'Kay, of New York. It is 49 feet long (without rudder), 22 inches wide, weighs 160 pounds, and has a 3½-inch "back-bone." It is built of Spanish cedar.

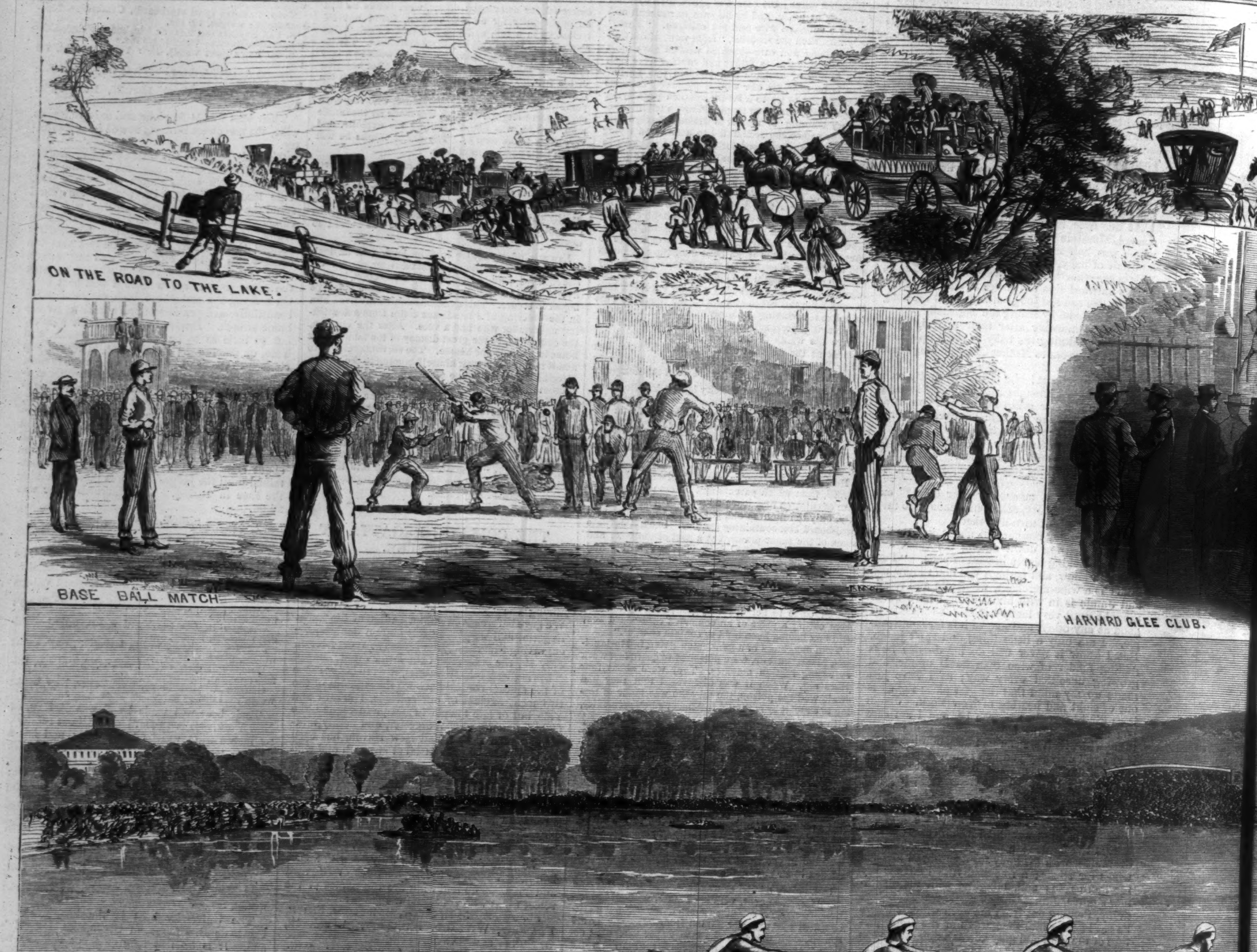
Their rival crew from Harvard was as follows:

Alden P. Loring (stroke), Boston, Massachusetts; weight, 146 lbs.
William H. Simonds (port stroke), Concord, Massachusetts; weight, 155 lbs.
Thomas S. Edmands (starboard waist), Newton, Massachusetts; weight, 149 lbs.
Robert C. Watson (port waist), Milton, Massachusetts; weight, 156 lbs.
William W. Richards (starboard bow), New York city; weight, 170 lbs.
George W. Holdridge (bow), Irvington, New York; weight, 153 lbs.

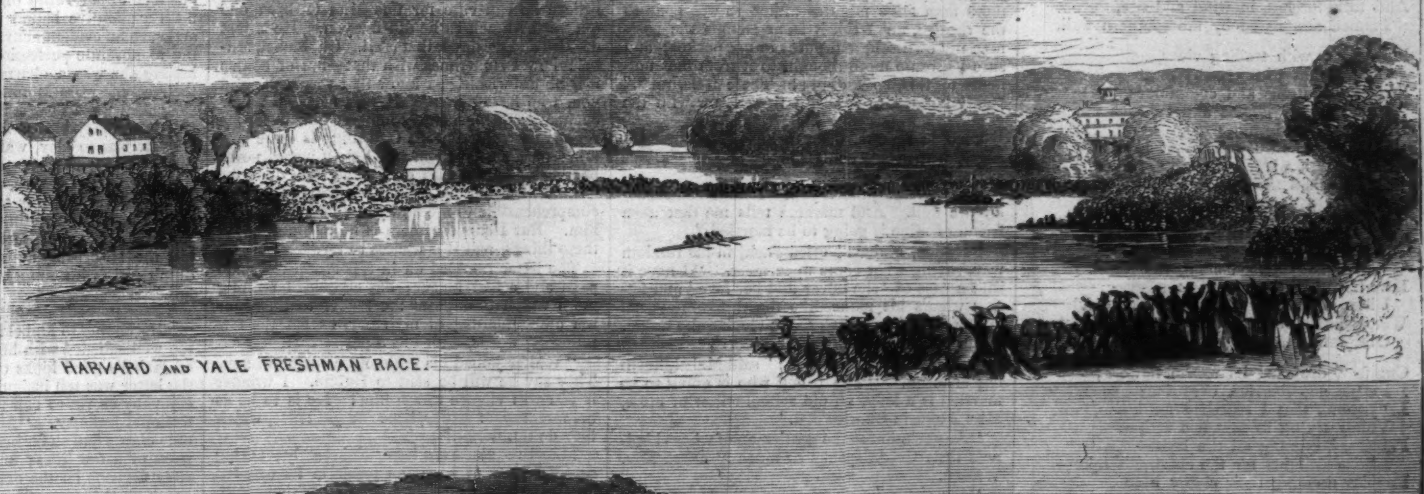
The University boat is the handiwork of Charles B. Elliot, of Greenpoint, Long Island. It is 53 feet long (without rudder), 20 inches wide, weighs 175 pounds, and has a 7-inch (trestled) back-bone.

Having taken position, with Yale on the inside, the signal was given, and off they started. The Harvards took the lead, and though closely pressed by their competitors, kept it all the way. After leaving the starting rope and reaching the grand stand the Harvards were about a length ahead. Their deep stroke and very high style of feathering gave premonitions that they were coming in winners, though the earnestness of the Yales was of a character that left them no time for idling on their oars. The Yale style of stroke was prettier, probably, than that of their antagonists, but it failed to tell in their favor in the matter of speed. Whatever may have been the cause, there was less hurry observable among the Cambridge oarsmen; but as their oars took the water they told with a vim that spoke well for their training and composure. As the boats sped away into the distance it was hoped by the friends of the Yale that some lucky turn of affairs would place them in the lead on the return from the stake-boat, but these hopes were doomed to disappointment. As the crews again hove in sight it was fully apparent that the gain made by the Harvards on the start was too much for the Yales to overcome, and on passing the grand stand the former showed up six hundred feet ahead. This was a state of affairs entirely unlooked for. The betting had been all day in favor of the Harvards in this race; but no one supposed that they would be able to let so much daylight between themselves and their contestants. This distance was, however, kept up, and they came in the winners amidst immense cheers from the men and waving of handkerchiefs on the part of the ladies. The time was: for the Harvards, 18.12½, the fastest on record; for the Yales, 19.25½.

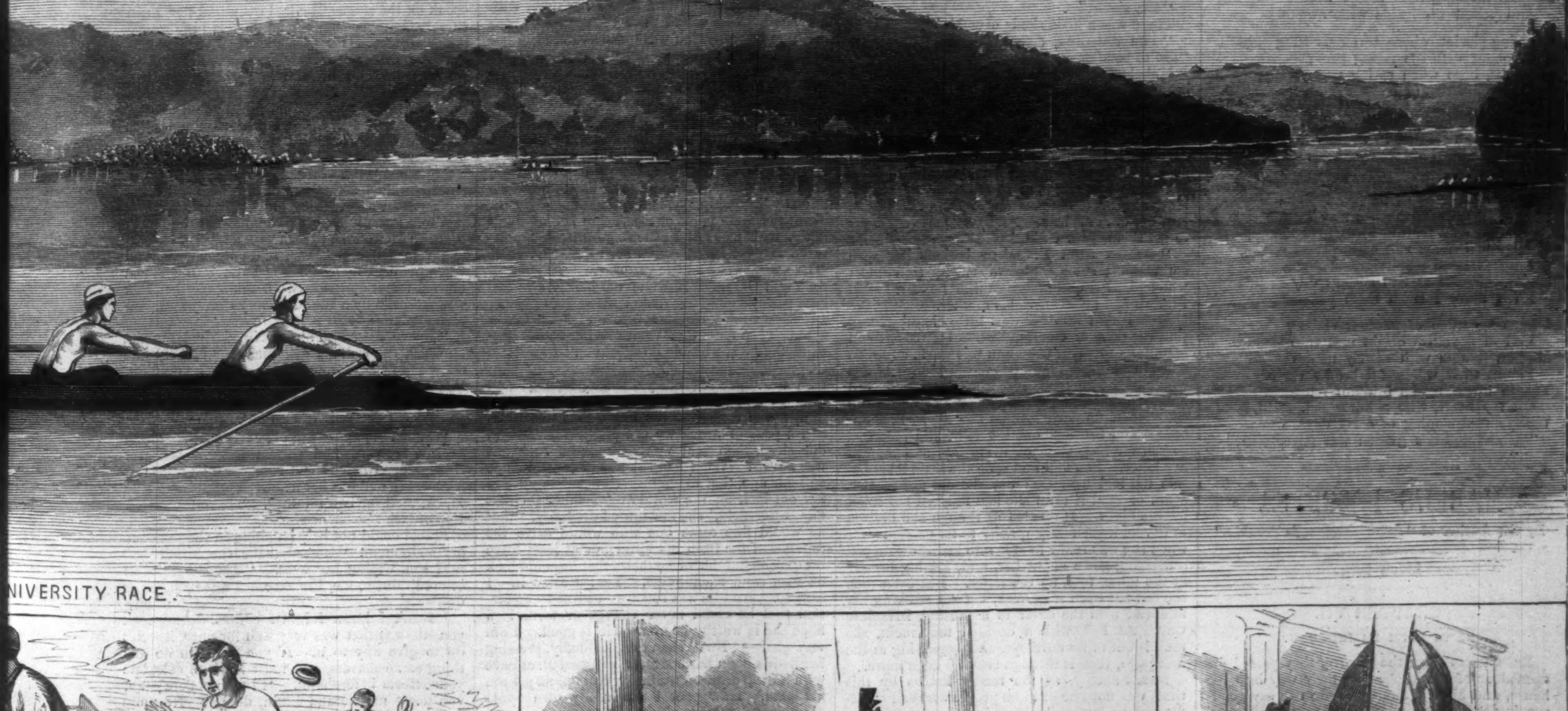
Our large double-page engraving on pages 488 and 489 will give the reader an idea not only of the games and matches which were contested, but of the accompanying scenes and incidents. "On the road to the Lake" is a spirited sketch, showing how the scene of the contest was reached amidst the most delightful confusion. "The Harvard Glee Club" did its duty in making night musical and hideous with the favorite college doggerel songs; the whole population engaged in the "Struggle for Dinner" and in the "Betting," while the rain, which fell at times during the day, furnish numerous pretty girls with an excuse for seeking shelter "under cover" of their gallants' umbrellas.



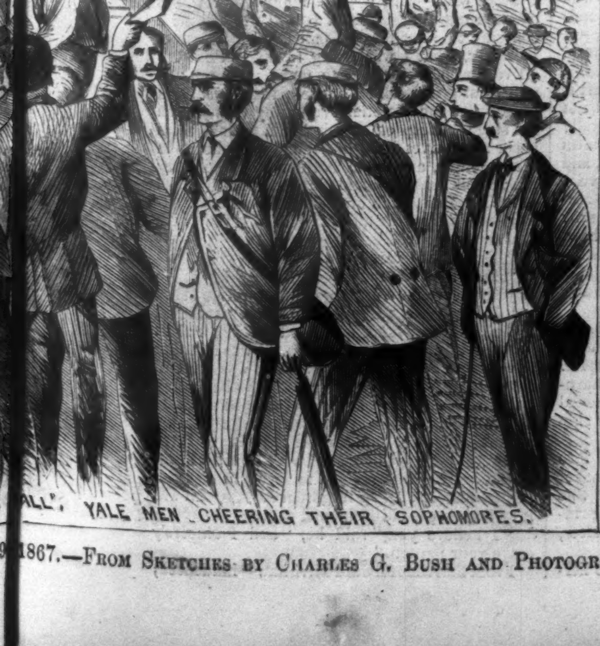
THE COLLEGE REGATTA AND BALL MATCH AT WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS, July 19, 186



HARVARD AND YALE FRESHMAN RACE.



E UNIVERSITY RACE.



ALL". YALE MEN CHEERING THEIR SOPHOMORES.

BETTING

CHEERING THE FLAGS

9, 1867.—From Sketches by Charles G. Bush and Photographs by Black of Boston.—[See Page 487.]

GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

By FLORENCE PERCY.

GRANDMOTHER'S garden was brave to see,
Gorgeous with old-time plants and blooms
All too common and cheap to be
Grown in modern parterres or rooms:
Old traditional herbs and flowers,
Some for pleasure and some for need;
Gifted, haply, with wondrous powers,
Bud or petal or bark or seed.

All old fashions of leaf and root
Grew there, cherished for show or use;
Currant-bushes with clustered fruit,
Red as garnets and full of juice.
Tiger-lilies with beaded stalks,
Balm and basil and bitter rue,
Gay nasturtiums and four-o'clocks—
Grandmother's garden was fair to view.

Pinks—how rich in their stately prime!
Filled the air with a rare delight—
Lavender mingled with sage and thyme;
Lilacs, purple and milky-white,
Met and mingled and bloomed as one
Over the path, they grew so tall;
And tulip-torches, in wind and sun,
Flamed and flared by the southern wall.

Periwinkles with trailing vines,
Lordly lilies with creamy tint,
Bachelor's-buttons and columbines,
Proud sweet-williams and odorous mint—
Heavy peonies, burning red,
Wonders of lush, redundant bloom,
Longed for a wider space to spread,
And flushed the redder for lack of room.

Brilliant asters their prim heads tossed—
Dark-blue monkshood and hollyhocks,
Smiling fearless at autumn's frost,
Waved and nodded along the walks.
Love-lies-bleeding forever drooped—
Disks of sun-flowers, bright and broad,
Watched like sentries; and fennel stooped
Over immortal Aaron's-rod.

Cumfrey, dropping its waxen flowers;
Purple gooseberries, over-ripe;
Lady-grass, that I searched for hours,
Vainly trying to match a stripe:
Pansies, bordering all the beds—
Ladies'-delights for the children's sake—
Poppies nodding their sleepy heads,
And yellow marigolds wide awake.

Morning-glories, whose trumpets rung
Resonant with the rifling bees;
Daffodils, born when spring was young;
Vain narcissus, and gay sweet-peas
Clinging close, but with bright wings spread
Wide, like butterflies just alight;
Gauze-flowers fragile, to sunrise wed,
And bashful primrose that bloomed at night.

Rich syringas, all honey-sweet,
Trim carnations of tenderest pink;
Blue-bells, spite of the noonday heat,
Holding dew for the birds to drink.
Marjoram, hyssop, and caraway,
Damask roses and mignonnette;
Ah! sometimes at this distant day
I can fancy I smell them yet.

I have a garden of prouder claims,
Full of novelties bright and rare
Modern flowers with stately names
Flaunt their wonderful beauty there.
Yet, in threading its brilliant maze,
Oft my heart, with a home-sick thrill,
Whispers—dreaming of early days—
"Grandmother's garden was fairer still!"

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

Book III.

CHAPTER VII.

NEWS FROM HAMMERHAM.

RETURNING from the theatre, they passed the open door of the kitchen on their way into the house, and Mrs. Walton looked in to say good-evening to old Joe, who was sitting by the turf fire in a great chair covered with patchwork, and smoking a long pipe.

"Good-evening, Mr. Bonny, how are you to-night?"

"Wa'al, Missus Walton," responded the old man, in a slow growl, "I don't know as there's much the matter with me, 'ceptin' as I've growed old. My old carcase ain't good for nothin' now, but to set still from mornin' till night in this here darned old cheer."

Joe Bonny never regarded the individual whom he was addressing, nor even turned his head, but habitually uttered his remarks in the manner of a soliloquy, and was so slow, so gruff, and so inarticulate as to be nearly unintelligible to strangers.

"Ah, sure, Joe," said Biddy, bustling cheerfully about the kitchen, "don't be afther repoining now! Ye've done yer share of work in this world; can't ye be aisy and rest comfortable in the evenin' of yer days?"

"Yah!" snarled Joe. "Rest! There niver warn't a Paddy yet as I ever heerd on as wasn't up to takin' any amount o' that there. They thinks a Englishman just lunattic for wantin' to do any thing else in the 'varsal world *but* rest!"

A significant commentary on Joe's speech was supplied by old Bridget's busy activity. The sweet-tempered old soul applied herself to the preparation of her lodgers' supper, now and then stopping to alter the position of the cushion behind her husband's back, or to put his tobacco-box within more convenient reach of his hand, or to pile a few fresh turfs on the hearth.

"Don't you find it warm enough to do without fire here in the evening?" said Mrs. Walton, turning to leave the kitchen.

"*I* do, ma'am," answered Biddy; "but Joe likes the bit of foire, the craythur. Sure he can't move about to set his blood cirkylatin', and it does be company for him when I'm obliged to lave him alone."

During supper Biddy lingered in the sitting-room, on one excuse or the other, to express her delight at the performance, and to retail all the favorable criticisms which Teddy Molloy had brought home.

"Don't sit up for us any longer, Biddy," said Mrs. Walton. "I am sure you must be very tired."

"Oh, sorra a bit, ma'am," responded the old woman, cheerfully. "But I'll wish yez all good-night, an' pleasant dhraems, an'—Arrah, see there now!" she exclaimed, suddenly, "what a baste I am to be forgettin' the letther, and me having it in my pocket all the time!"

"A letter, Biddy?"

"A letther, no less, ma'am, and 'tis for the young lady, God bless her. Sure it came not more than foive minutes afther ye was gone to the theatre, an' I tuk it from Dennis the postman my own self, and put it in my pocket; and sure I give no more thought to it from that moment to this, so I didn't! There it is, miss." Biddy handed to Mabel a thick letter with the Hammerham post-mark.

"No bad news, dear, I hope?" said Aunt Mary, with a searching glance at Mabel's face as she read her letter.

"Oh no, aunt, thank you. Mamma and Dooley are well. And mamma tells me that a—a friend of mine is going to be married."

"Halloa, Mabel!" cried Jack, in his random way, saying what came uppermost. "I hope it isn't a case of 'she never told her love,' and letting what's his name, like the thingummy, eat up the damask roses, eh? You look quite tragic. Is he false, Mabel, fickle, faithless?"

"How silly you are, Jack!" said Mabel, flushing crimson. "The friend who is going to be married is a lady, an old school-fellow of mine, Miss Augusta Charlewood."

"Any relation to the gentleman of whose kindness little Corda speaks so much?" asked Mrs. Walton.

"His sister."

There was a little shade over Mabel.

"You are tired, dear child," said her aunt. "Go to bed."

Mabel rose, shook hands with Jack, and kissed her aunt in silence.

"Shut your door, Mabel, so that I may not disturb you when I come into my room. I am not going to bed for an hour yet. I have to recover a part for to-morrow night. Good-night, dear. I don't know how it is," continued Mrs. Walton, when Mabel had left the room, "but it always seems to me that a letter from Hazlehurst puts her out of spirits. And yet she is very eager to get them, poor child."

"I think Aunt Earnshaw bothers her with complaints; she was always selfish," said Jack: who had never quite forgiven what he called Mrs. Philip's bad behavior to his mother.

Mabel went into her own little chamber, and shut the door of communication between it and her aunt's room. The night was warm and soft, and Mabel opened the little old-fashioned lattice window that looked across a small flagged yard into some gardens beyond, where a couple of tall elms stood up dark against the sky. She unbound and brushed out her hair, and prepared herself for bed, glancing every now and then at her letter. She had laid it on the little table beside the looking-glass; but she did not open it again or read it until she had finished her toilet for the night. It seemed as though she desired to devote herself very quietly to its perusal; for when she was ready to step into bed she wrapped a dressing-gown about her, and, seating herself at the table, took up the letter. But even then she did not open it at once, but sat stroking her forehead with the cover in a musing, irresolute way. At last, with a decided movement, she took it out of its envelope, and, beginning at the first page, read it through steadily once more.

Mrs. Saxelby, as the reader knows by this time, was not one of those people who can "suffer and be strong." It was her nature and her habit to cry out when she was hurt in either mind or body: not with any passionate or unbecoming violence, but with a soft, plaintive, lady-like bemoaning of her fate, and demand for sympathy. And it was very difficult for Mrs. Saxelby to believe that people who *didn't* cry out suffered at all.

After the drive in Miss Charlewood's pony-carriage, she had sat down to relieve her mind by pouring out some portion of her own melancholy and low spirits on Mabel. Not that this was what she told herself she meant to do. "Of course Mabel will like to hear the Hammerham news. I must tell her of Augusta's engagement. Oh dear me, dear me! No one knows what an effort it is for me to write sometimes!" That is what Mrs. Saxelby said to herself.

So Mabel read her mother's letter steadily through. The first part related small particulars of her own health and Dooley's, of their daily life, and of the garden and orchard, and dumb creatures—not forgetting the famous pig. Then came the kernel, the real bitter almond for whose envelopment all the husk of the letter had been constructed. "On Tuesday, Penelope Charlewood called in the forenoon, and brought the pony-carriage, in which she asked us to take a drive. I was a little unwilling at first to go. But it was a fine day, and I knew dear Julian would enjoy it, and Miss Charlewood was very friendly and urgent, so at last I consented. I had not seen any of the family from Bramley Manor for three weeks, and Miss Charlewood excused and accounted for their long absence by giving me a piece of news. Augusta is going to be married very shortly. Her fiancé is a clergyman named Dawson, belonging to an Irish family. But Penelope said the young couple would live close to Eastfield, which is (for rich people who do not care what they spend in traveling) quite like being in Hammerham. When *my* daughter was in Eastfield it seemed a long way off. But Mr. Charlewood is one of the fortunate ones of this world. Mrs. Dawson—the mother of the bridegroom elect—is staying at the Manor on a visit. And also his cousin, a Miss O'Brien, an Irish girl. *Very* handsome and dashing and clever. She and Clement Charlewood take long rides together. She is a *splendid* horsewoman. And, from what Penelope said, I can see very plainly that she is making violent love to Clement. In fact, I infer that the whole thing is as good as settled. I must say I felt very downcast and wretched when I returned home after the drive. It did seem as if every thing and every body that I cared for were drifting, drifting away from me. After all that has passed I *did* think that Clement would not have consoled himself so very soon. How fickle and selfish men are! But I don't believe he can care for this Miss O'Brien one quarter as much as he did for you. He is just dazzled and flattered, that is all. Oh, Mabel, Mabel! how I sometimes wish that—but of course it is no use wishing; I know that very well; and you, who have new scenes, new faces, and new occupations, can scarcely imagine how bitter *my* regrets are sometimes. One thing is quite certain: marry whom you will I shall never, never be able to feel for him as I could have done for Clement Charlewood. It is sometimes fairly incomprehensible to me how you could *help* loving him. But I suppose there is no accounting for these things, and it is useless to try."

The letter rambled on in this strain for some page and a half longer; but contained nothing more which it imports the reader to know for the understanding of my story, except the few following words, added as a postscript:

"Walter joined his regiment a fortnight ago. They say he will be sent to Dublin. I wonder if you will chance to see him! He is to be at the wedding, of course, if he can get leave, which they do not doubt."

Mabel re-folded the letter elaborately; taking especial care to keep the paper in its original creases, and pressing and smoothing them with her hand. One would have thought, to watch her, that her attention was quite absorbed in her task. But in truth she did not even see what she was doing, except in a mechanical way, from which her mind was absent.

"Poor mamma!" thought Mabel. "I am so sorry for poor mamma!" Then her thoughts—like a flock of wild birds that wheel and turn and hover round the spot to which their desires tend, afraid to settle on the feeding-ground, and yet circling in still narrowing rounds until they alight at last—fluttered capriciously hither and thither about the main point of interest in her mother's letter, without at first fastening on it. She pictured to herself Dooley and her mother seated in Miss Charlewood's little carriage. The country road that she knew so well; the look of the cottage with its climbing roses coming into bloom; Penelope's hard resolute face and keen bright eyes. Then Augusta; what was her future husband like? It was odd he should be Irish. And that cousin—that Miss O'Brien—was she—? Ah, then the fluttering fancy furled its wings and dropped and brooded! What was this? This dull, numb feeling at the heart, that was more like a pain of which we are dimly conscious in our sleep, than real waking suffering? What was amiss? What had she lost or gained since an hour ago, that made this strange difference in her out-look on the world? "I told him that day at Eastfield," she murmured dreamily, "that he would find some one who would drive the thought of me from his mind; or at least leave me only an humble niche there, that he could look on with calm friendliness. Yes: I knew it. I said so. And he was so sure—so fixed—so certain that he could never change or waver! I hope she is worthy of him. He is good. I am very glad— No!" she cried, suddenly, pressing her hands upon her hot brow, suffused all at once with a deep crimson flush. "No, no, no; I am *not* glad. How poor I am in my own eyes! How mean, selfish, pitiful; but I won't lie to myself. I am *not* glad. I am sorry. *I* who gave him so much pain—I who was so unbending with him, and repulsed his love so firmly—*I* am grudging him this happiness at the bottom of my heart. What if he has forgotten his fancy quickly? Ought I not to rejoice that the hurt is not so deep a one as he thought? I could not love him as he wished, but I told him proudly that I should always be his faithful, grateful friend. I was so lofty and secure of myself, and now— For a miserable slight to my self-love, I can not be glad in my friend's gladness! Oh, Mabel, Mabel! are you vain and envious and mean? I did not know you to be so, Mabel Earnshaw. And now that I see you as you are, I am astonished and ashamed."

The scalding tears ran down her flushed cheeks slowly.

She went to the open window and leaned out. The air was still and sweet, and the clear, dark sky seemed to soothe the throbbing of her temples. There was no sound save faint snatches of a mournful Irish song that came now and then, softened and sweetened by the distance, from some ship at anchor in the river.

Mabel set her thoughts to look forward into the future. Into the career she hoped to make, the toils and fears and pleasures of her art. She thought of her uncle's story of the Arabian princess, who shut her ears to the distracting voices, and neither faltered nor looked back.

"Ah, that looking back!" said Mabel to herself. "That is fatal. I may turn when I am at the top, but not yet. And then, too," she said, wiping her wet eyes with a child-like, half-sad smile, "the view is always so much wider and better from the summit!"

CHAPTER VIII.

LINGO IS CARRIED AWAY BY HIS FEELINGS.

THE first two or three weeks of the theatrical season at Kilclare were very successful. The company advanced and secured themselves in public favor. Mr. Wilfred J. Percival and Miss Lydia St. Aubert were the "bright particular stars" of the tragic portions of the performances; while comedy and farce were supported by the lively exertions of Mr. Snell, the low comedian, Mrs. Walton, and Miss Annette Moffatt. The latter young lady had been christened Ann, and commonly called Nancy up to twelve years of age; but after that time she was sent to school in France, and returned to her native country as Annette. Miss Moffatt prided herself upon her vocal accomplishments, which, to say truth, were not of a very high order. She had a shrill weak soprano voice, very uncertain in intonation; but she would rattle off an arch song, or give forth a plaintive ballad with so much aplomb, and such an evident conviction that she was singing to absolute perfection, that people began to believe she was a charming vocalist in spite of their ears. Miss Moffatt chiefly professed what she called "the Vestris business;" and the mention in the play-bill of the character which Miss Moffatt was to play, was invariably followed by the words, "with songs." And so much was this a matter of course, that when on one occasion Miss Moffatt was about to display the versatility of her talents in pantomime, the printer, from the sheer force of habit, put into the play-bill the surprising announcement, "Lisette, a dumb girl (with songs), by Miss Annette Moffatt."

The manager's daughter was very amiable and condescending to Mabel for some time. She was too well satisfied with herself to be easily jealous of Mabel's good looks or graceful manner, and the latter was too insignificant a member of the company as yet to call forth any thing like professional jealousy. "Miss M. A. Bell's" histrionic efforts had so far been confined to very small parts of a few lines; and in these—though terribly nervous on the occasion of first having to speak on the stage—she had acquitted herself in so satisfactory a manner as to give promise of better things. Her first success, however, was achieved in the character of that melodramatic confidante whose high-flown speeches she had declared she should be ashamed to utter. When she came to "My lord, I quail not at your threats," etc., and defied Mr. Copestake as the wicked tyrant, she was worked up to such a pitch of desperation by the combined feelings of nervousness, a struggling sense of absurdity, and a strong desire to produce something of the effect which her aunt (who was watching anxiously at the wing) had told her might be, and ought to be produced, that she uttered the speech with a kind of breathless vehemence that was quite thrilling. And when, at its conclusion, she burst into a storm of real tears, and rushed off the stage, her exit was followed by a round of very hearty and genuine applause.

"Bravo, Miss Bell!" exclaimed Mr. Harcourt Howard, the walking gentleman, as Mabel came off at the front entrance, where he was standing. "Bravo! You've waked 'em up, by Jove. I shall begin to think you're not such a novice as you say, after all, if you go on in this way."

"Pooh!" snapped out old Jerry Shaw, as soon as Mr. Howard had turned away. "Trash. Nonsense. Novice? Of course. The child was frightened, and lost her head. Forgot to be Miss M. A. Bell for two minutes. That's the secret. Balderdash!"

Mabel could not help laughing in the midst of her excitement. "Indeed, that's true, Mr. Shaw," said she, wiping her eyes. "There isn't a bit of credit due to me, I'm sure. I was inspired by despair."

"Don't I know it? Of course. And, look you, though that was very well for once, it won't do to give way to it. If you want to do any thing as an actress, you must learn to calculate your effects beforehand. 'Si vis me flere'—ah, you don't understand Latin, do ye? No more do I. I did once. But that's long ago. I put it away with—with a good many other things one fine morning. And if you like to call me a confounded idiot for my pains, ye're welcome. However, what I was going to say is this: it's all very well to say that to make me weep you must first grieve, and it's true, partly. But you mustn't let your emotions run away with you on the stage. Keep 'em well in hand. Make them caper and curvet and bring the people's hearts in their mouths, as the circus-riders do, when they make their beast *rare* and plunge with a sly touch of the knee or twitch of the bridle, and they sitting safe and steady all the while as if they were in a rocking-chair."

"Thank you, Mr. Shaw."

"Tush! Thank me? Ye're laughing at me in your sleeve for a prosing old fool, I'll go bail."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Shaw," returned Mabel, drawing herself up, and looking full at him. "You are quite mistaken. I was listening to what you said with attention, and was grateful for your hint, as I hope I shall always be for any well-meant advice from an experienced artist."

The old man looked at her doubtfully for an instant, and then, by a sudden impulse, he lifted the grotesque stage bonnet he wore from his head, with a gesture that seemed to reveal in one moment a history of long-forgotten days, so full was it of high-bred, old-fashioned courtesy.

"I believe you," said he, "and I sincerely crave your pardon."

From that time forward Mr. Shaw—influenced,

according to his own account, by Lingo's mature and explicitly conveyed opinion—seemed to attach himself to Mabel in a way in which he had never been known to behave to any human being within the memory of his stage comrades. Not that he was gentle or even civil in his speech to her; but he watched her progress, in every part that was intrusted to her to play, with unwearied attention. He would even sometimes enter into long discussions on the dramatic art. Putting forth quaint, queer theories of his own, and displaying an unexpected amount of reading. For he would quote long passages not only from Shakspeare, but from the earlier dramatists, for Mabel's edification. And the contrast was very singular between the old man's evident appreciation of their beauty and his utter inability to embody his own conception by voice or gesture; jerking out pathetic and impassioned speeches alike, with the same hard cracked voice and stifled brogue.

Among these people, and in these surroundings, Mabel worked out the first elements of her new profession. Attentive, indefatigable, docile to instruction—for Mabel's pride was in no way allied to vain presumption or overweening self-conceit—the girl strove and studied to master the mechanical details of her business, without full command of which no player can achieve eminence.

"Your voice, and your face, and your figure are the tools you have to work with," said Jerry Shaw one day to her; "and you can't carve out your own ideas unless you've first learned to handle your tools properly."

Out of the theatre Mrs. Walton and her family held little communication with the rest of the company. Indeed, social intercourse of any kind was nearly impossible in the press of constant occupation that took up Mabel's and her aunt's time. Jack, whose employment within the theatre was by no means so unremitting, took long solitary rambles, with a satchel, containing his color-box and sketch-book, slung over his shoulders, and returned in the light summer evenings with a collection of charming studies from the rich banks of the Clare, and all the surrounding country, nearly as far as Ballyhacket in one direction, and the sea in another.

The only members of Mr. Moffatt's troupe who had access to Mrs. Walton's home were the Trescotts. Little Corda had become a devout worshiper of Mabel. In Corda's opinion there was no one so good or so beautiful or so clever, and the child was never weary of singing her praises.

Little as Mrs. Walton liked her father and brother, she yet could not bear to show any coldness to the gentle motherless little girl, to whom she felt that the society and example of Mabel were useful and valuable. Mr. Trescott, besides being leader and director of the small orchestra, was employed to arrange whatever incidental music might be needed, and to copy out the band parts. In this latter branch of his business Miss Moffatt gave him frequent employment, for she was wont to introduce all the new and popular songs of the day that she could find, into her parts, "lugging them in," as Mr. Harcourt Howard said, "by the head and shoulders." Miss Moffatt's songs were a source of constant bitterness to Mr. Harcourt Howard; for, as he usually played her lover, it fell to his lot to stand and be sung to night after night, however ill-chosen for the business of the piece might be the moment that Miss Moffatt selected for bursting into song.

"If I could even make faces at her when she sings out of tune," said Mr. Harcourt Howard confidentially to his wife, "it would be some comfort; but I'm obliged to look as if I liked it."

Mr. Trescott, however, whose facial expression was of comparatively small importance, since he sat with his back to the audience, rather approved of Miss Moffatt's mania for singing; for the arrangement and copying of the band parts produced him some little emolument over and above his salary; but being so constantly occupied, he was very seldom able to visit Mrs. Walton's house. Alfred lounged in and out on various pretexts: to bring Cordelia to spend the afternoon; to fetch her away again; to make appointments with Jack for long rambles into the country—which appointments Alfred seldom kept, however—or to bring messages from his father to Mrs. Walton. He was always careful to inquire after her husband and Miss Janet, and gave many hints about looking forward to seeing a good deal of them in the winter, for he and his father were engaged by the Dublin manager for next season. Another circumstance which contributed to put young Trescott on an intimate footing in Mrs. Walton's family was the following. In accordance with her aunt's express stipulation with Mr. Moffatt, Mabel was to have the part of Ophelia. Mr. Wilfred J. Percival had selected the play of Hamlet for his benefit night, which was rapidly approaching, and Mabel, thoroughly mistress of the words of the part, had yet to learn the tunes of the snatches of song interspersed through the mad scenes. "I know them well enough when I hear them, Mabel," said Aunt Mary, "but I can't attempt to sing them correctly enough to teach them to you."

In this dilemma Alfred Trescott, with much apparent diffidence, offered to bring his violin and play over the tunes to Mabel until she should have learned them by heart. Accordingly, he came to their lodgings nearly every day for a week, and made the little sitting-room over the shoemaker's shop ring with the sympathetic notes of his fiddle. Mabel had but little voice, but it was pure and fresh, and her ear was remarkably accurate. She caught from Alfred's violin not only the notes that she had to sing, but also a certain accent and musicianly phrasing that gave a strong yet simple pathos to the quaint old melodies. Her aunt was delighted, and predicted a great success. Mabel was anxious and timid, but a few words that her aunt dropped braced her nerves and strengthened her resolution. She gathered that on the result of her performance of Ophelia might possibly depend her chance of being re-engaged by Mr. Moffatt for the following season, and even—who could tell?—perhaps an appearance at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, itself! and then she would earn a salary, however trifling, and then she would no longer be a burden on her aunt, and then—and then—she might send for mamma and Dooley! Oh, she *would* be strong and steady and brave, and do the very best that was in her.

She thought of her part at every leisure moment, trying to form a clear conception of the hapless Danish girl, and to put herself, her own individuality, out of sight as much as possible in repeating the words. She and Corda would ramble out in the early morning whenever Mabel's presence was not required at rehearsal, accompanying Jack in his sketching excursions along the banks of the lovely river Clare, and Mabel would pull her little well-worn Shakspeare out of her pocket, and, sitting down on a smooth green velvet patch of turf, would put the book into Corda's hand and desire her to "hear her through her part"—a task of which Corda was not a little proud.

On one of these occasions Alfred had joined the party as they sat on the river's bank under the trees, the two girls busy with Ophelia, and Jack absorbed in an endeavor to transfer to his sketch-book some wonderfully rich effects of color in the rocks and foliage on the opposite side of the silver Clare.

"I was strolling past," said Alfred, "and caught a glimpse of pussy-cat's chestnut curls glinting through the green leaves. Now that I am here, may I stay, Miss Earnshaw?"

"May you stay? Surely you have a right to be here if you choose."

"I have no right—or, at all events, no wish—to be troublesome to you by my presence."

He spoke with a sort of proud humility that touched Mabel.

"You don't trouble me at all, Mr. Trescott," she answered. "Corda and I will go on with Ophelia just the same. Won't we, Corda?"

The child, whose cheek was flushed with pleasure at the sight of her brother, smiled and nodded eagerly: and Mabel resumed:

"And I of ladies most deject and wretched,
That sucked the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh."

The young man threw himself on the grass beside his little sister, and clasping his hands above his head, listened in silence. The morning sun was shining down on the two young faces—Mabel's so earnest and absorbed, Corda's so smiling and eager. Little flickering lights and shadows from the leafy boughs above touched their glossy hair, and passed and changed as the breeze moved them. At their feet the river ran gurgling over its pebbly bed, and Mabel's pure voice rose thrillingly into the clear, quiet air.

"Do you know Beethoven's Moonlight sonata for the piano-forte, Miss Earnshaw?" asked Alfred, when Mabel had ceased her recitation.

"I have heard it," answered Mabel, "and exquisitely lovely it is. But my skill as a pianist never reached so far as to execute it fittingly."

"I think your Ophelia will be just like the first movement of the Moonlight sonata," said Alfred, turning his dark eyes upon her dreamily.

At that moment a short angry bark close to his ear made young Trescott spring to his feet with a stifled exclamation, which would have been a loud unmistakable oath but for Mabel's presence, and a fierce threatening gesture.

"Why, Lingo, Lingo—good dog—poor old fellow—don't you know us?" said Mabel, holding out her hand, into which Lingo immediately thrust his nose hastily, and then turned to bark at Alfred again.

"Oh, Mr. Shaw!" cried Mabel, as old Jerry appeared between the branches of underwood, "I'm so ashamed of Lingo this morning. He doesn't know his friends."

Mr. Shaw stood leaning with both hands upon a thick gnarled stick that he always carried, and gazing at the group before him with an inscrutable face.

The dog ran up to his master, and, looking into his face, wagged his tail in an apologetic manner.

"Doesn't know his friends, Miss Bell? Faith, I never knew him make a mistake that way yet," said the old man, shortly. Then turning to Lingo with an air of confidential remonstrance, such as one might assume toward a friend whom one respected, but who had been hurried into an imprudence: "What did I say to ye," said he, "when we were talking together this morning before breakfast? You're too hasty and outspoken altogether."

Lingo ceased wagging his tail, stretched himself at his master's feet with his nose to the ground, and gave vent to a muffled sound that was neither a bark nor a growl, but something between the two.

"Of course," said Jerry Shaw, with imperturbable gravity, "so you remarked this morning, and I dare say you're right. But it don't do to *say* these things, and so I'd convince you if you weren't as obstinate as the deuce."

Alfred Trescott stood leaning against the trunk of a tree with folded arms, and contemplated Lingo and his master with a sidelong, sinister scowl.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Shaw," said the young man, "you ought to try and teach that dog of yours better manners. If it had been a stranger he'd come up to just now, tearing and barking, he might have chanced to get an ugly kick. People don't like to be startled in that way by a strange dog."

Jerry Shaw remained as motionless and unmoved while Alfred was speaking as though buried in a profound meditation that deadened his senses to all outward things. But as soon as the young man held his peace Mr. Shaw turned on him with surprising suddenness. "Oh, it's *you*, is it, Mr. Alfred Trescott?" said he, as though becoming aware of Alfred's presence for the first time. "I hope I see you well. Glad to find you abroad so early this fine morning. Nothing like early rising for young people. I've been an early riser from my youth upward, and you can all see what it has done for *me*." And old Jerry laughed a short, bitter, abrupt laugh, that came out of his throat without causing a muscle of his face to move. "Good-morning, Miss Bell. Take care of yourself. I've known it to be dangerous sometimes, sitting out on the turf."

"Dangerous?"

"You might—catch—cold," snapped out the old man, winding up with an unusually prolonged sniff. "Come along, Lingo. I suppose you have forgotten there's a ten o'clock call, Sir, that you're settling yourself there for the day. Good-morning to you, ladies and gentlemen. Oh, by-the-way," added Mr. Shaw, stopping short, and fixing his lack-lustre gray eyes full on Alfred Trescott, "I would advise you to give up any idea of kicking Lingo. He mightn't like it. And I have a curious infirmity that perhaps I might as well mention. I always find kicking catching." And old Jerry Shaw tramped away through the crackling brushwood, with Lingo trotting soberly at his heels.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SHOCKING NEWS FOR MRS. GRUNDY.—We read in the official description of the reception of the Sultan at Paris, that "the Empress presented to the Sultan the ladies of her household."

A gentleman once asked, "What is woman?" when a married man replied: "She is an essay on grace, in one volume elegantly bound. Although it may be dear, every man should have a copy of it."

With a particularly clear and just idea of "the eternal fitness of things" the publisher of one of the diamond editions of a popular author announces a new volume of his diamond edition simultaneously and in juxtaposition with the advertisement of Dr. Williams's "Diseases of the Eye." Readers who purchase both volumes may exclaim, "I have both my bane and antidote before me!"

An Idaho poet has been exasperated by Indian depredations into the perpetration of the following:

Lo, the poor Indian! whose unscrup'lous mind
Steals our best ox, nor leaves a horse behind;
Oh, no! his soul was never taught to stray
Into our corral, at close or break of day.
Upon that cloud-topped hill all day he lies—
At night he steals what in the day he spies;
Then hurries off his tillicums to meet,
Eating as they kill, killing as they eat;
They then once more their lovely squaws behold,
Enjoy connubial bliss, nor thirst for gold.
To steal's not half their natural desire,
'Tis their delight to set a house on fire,
And shoot the inmates who attempt to flee—
Old Beelzebub bears them company.

"OH, WOULD I WERE A BIRD!"

A thought to me occurr'd
While warbling that ballad,
Suppose I were a bird,
Would all my notes be valid?
And could I for once do
By creditors my duty,
And plaguy bills renew
With songs of thrilling beauty?

If so, without regret
I'd give up comic writing,
And live a feathered pet,
For some girl to delight in.
Caress'd—but how absurd
Is this pennated craving!
I would I were a bird—
I find I am—a ravin'!

When is a lawyer like a donkey?—When he's drawing a conveyance.

"GOING THE WHOLE HOG."

Some time since a gentleman died in the town of X——, who, during his life, refused to believe in another world. Two or three weeks after his demise his wife received through a medium a communication which read as follows: "Dear wife, I now believe. Please send me my *thin* clothes."

SIGNAL FOR A BARK—Pulling a dog's tail.

Prejudices are like rats, and a man's mind like a trap; they get in easily, and then perhaps can't get out at all.

COPIES FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The great advance that has been made in morality, as in all subjects, by the children of the present generation, necessitates an entire change of the present obsolete maxims which still do duty in copy-books. We beg to offer a few specimens, to which writing masters are welcome:

Back no bills.
Never believe what any body tells you.
Always think yourself wiser than every one else.
Modesty is the ruin of success.
Never expect a friend to lend you money.
Do others, or they will do you.
Debt is like a decoy; it is very easy to get in, but very hard to get out.
Think highly of yourself, and others will think highly of you.
Honesty is very useful as a profession, but fatal as a practice.
Such maxims as these are the best to inculcate into the minds of our children, if we wish them to walk in the way the world goes.

Our friend Budd, on having a yellow rose snatched from his hand, and over which there was quite a hurrah made, remarked that a great yell-arose about that yellow rose.

Dr. Frank Buckland, the English naturalist, had a Brazilian monkey which he wished to take from Southampton to London in the passenger car, but the guard of the train objected, and said he was a dog, and must go in the dog-van. The doctor, by way of *reductio ad absurdum*, took a tortoise out of his coat pocket, and asked the guard if that, too, were a dog. After attentive consideration, the guard replied, slowly but firmly: "*No, Sir—them's all right—them be hinsex.*"

A young fellow, whose better-half had just presented him with a pair of bouncing twins, attended church one Sunday. During the discourse the clergyman looked right out at our innocent friend, and said, in a tone of thrilling eloquence, "Young man, you have an important responsibility thrust upon you." The newly-fledged dad, supposing the preacher alluded to his peculiar home event, considerably startled the audience by exclaiming, "Yes, I have two of 'em."

"How came such a greasy mess in the oven?" said a fidgety old spinster to her maid-of-all-work. "Why," replied the girl, "the candles fell into the water, and I put them in the oven to dry."

MISS SMITH (*inclined to embonpoint*) *soliloquizes.* "I can't conceive why these long, scraggy Girls should be so devoted to Fashion as to wear the present style."

MISS JONES (*to say the least, delicately made*). "Why such dumpy, pudgy Girls as that should give up the flowing dress which becomes them, and make themselves frights in Walking Dresses, is perfectly incomprehensible."

BROWN (*philosophically*). "Positi.ely miwackulous that the Wimmin should make themselves so widiculous!"

THE ARCHDUCHESS MATILDA.

THE sad fate of the Archduchess MATILDA of Austria has served to cause only less profound sorrow throughout Europe than that of her grand-uncle MAXIMILIAN of Mexico, and the incident has produced much greater comment and excited more sympathy in this country than events of that character usually do. This has been owing less to the prominence than the beauty and well-known amiable virtues of the lady. Our portrait of her will give the reader an idea of her personal appearance and charms. She was dearly beloved by the people of her father's duchy for her gentleness and amiability. Her mother, the Archduchess HILDEGARDE of Bavaria, was looked upon by the Austrians in nearly the same light with which the English and Americans regard Queen VICTORIA of England—a model wife and mother. When her mother died, in 1864, the Princess MATILDA, seemed to have inherited all this love of her people; and as growing older she displayed more of the same gentle qualities of her mother, the devotion of her subjects seemed to increase. She evinced a singularly lively interest in the arts and sciences, was almost daily to be seen at the various galleries and art-exhibitions of Vienna, and was a frequent visitor of the theatres. This, of course, brought her frequently in contact with the people, and her grace and gentleness won all their hearts. When the marriage which was arranged in 1864 between her and Prince HUMBERT, the Crown Prince of Italy, was announced, the people and papers of Austria discussed the event with great interest, and the best wishes for her happiness were frequently expressed in the papers. For once the people seemed to forget that royal marriages are dictated by policy, and inquired if the union with the young Italian was likely to conduce to the happiness, rather than the glory, of their beloved Princess. It was believed that she had set her heart on the union, and when it was broken off by the war of 1866 it became a matter of national regret.

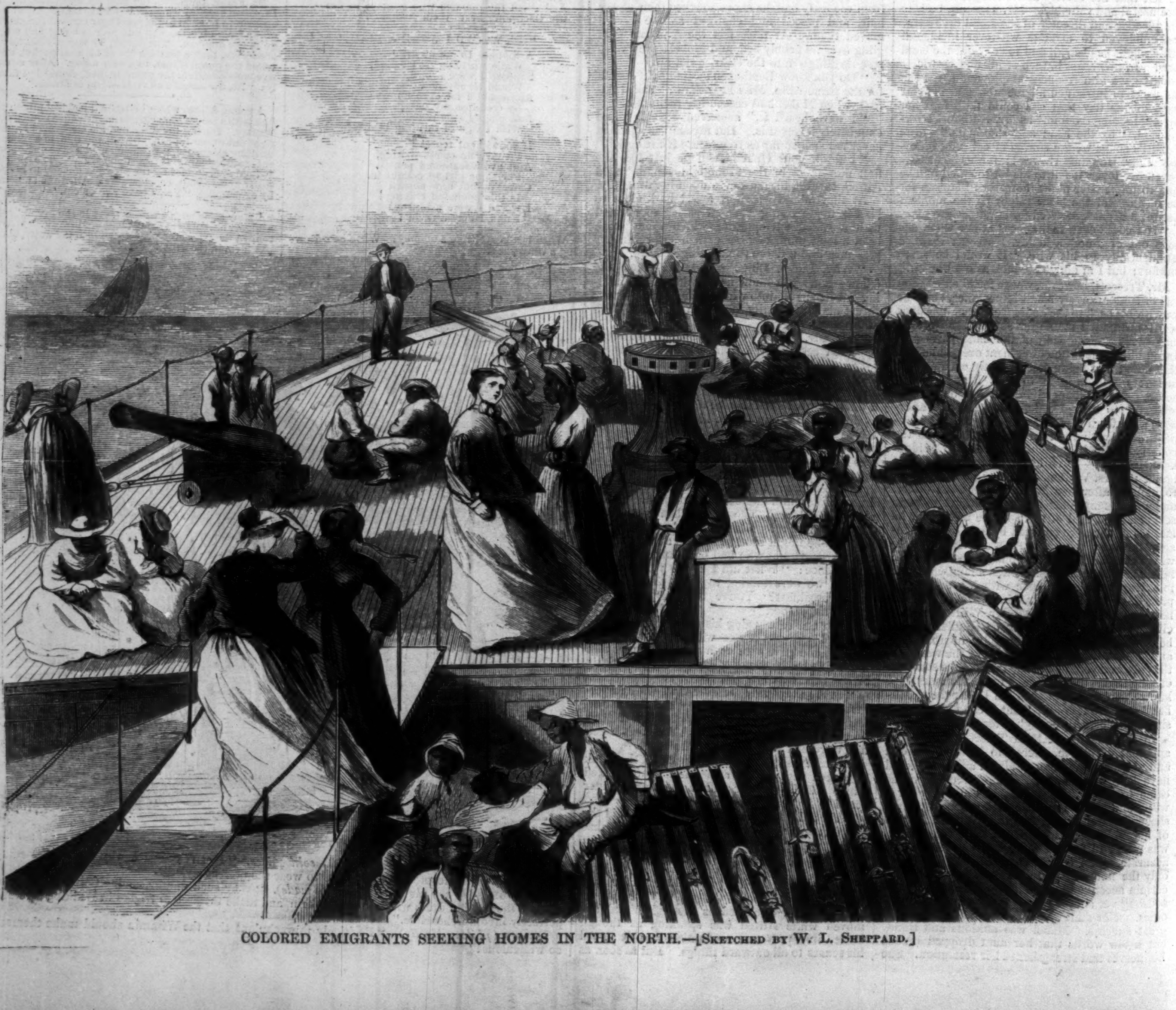
On the 22d of May, as she was standing at a window in the palace in Vienna, talking with her young cousin the Archduke FREDERICK, she suddenly felt a burning heat, and screamed out. Her attendants hastened toward her, and perceived that the unfortunate lady was in flames. From some cause unknown, for it is said there was neither fire nor light in the room, her clothes had taken fire, and her back, arm, neck, and the lower extremities were seriously burned before the flames could be extinguished. It was supposed that she must have trodden on a match which had been carelessly dropped on the floor. At the time of the accident the worst results were apprehended, in consequence of the inflammation that supervened, but a few days later it was announced that the unfavorable symptoms were subsiding, and hopes of her recovery were entertained. The prolonged suffering was, however, too much for her system, and she expired on June 6, at eight o'clock.

ARCHDUCHESS MATILDA OF AUSTRIA.

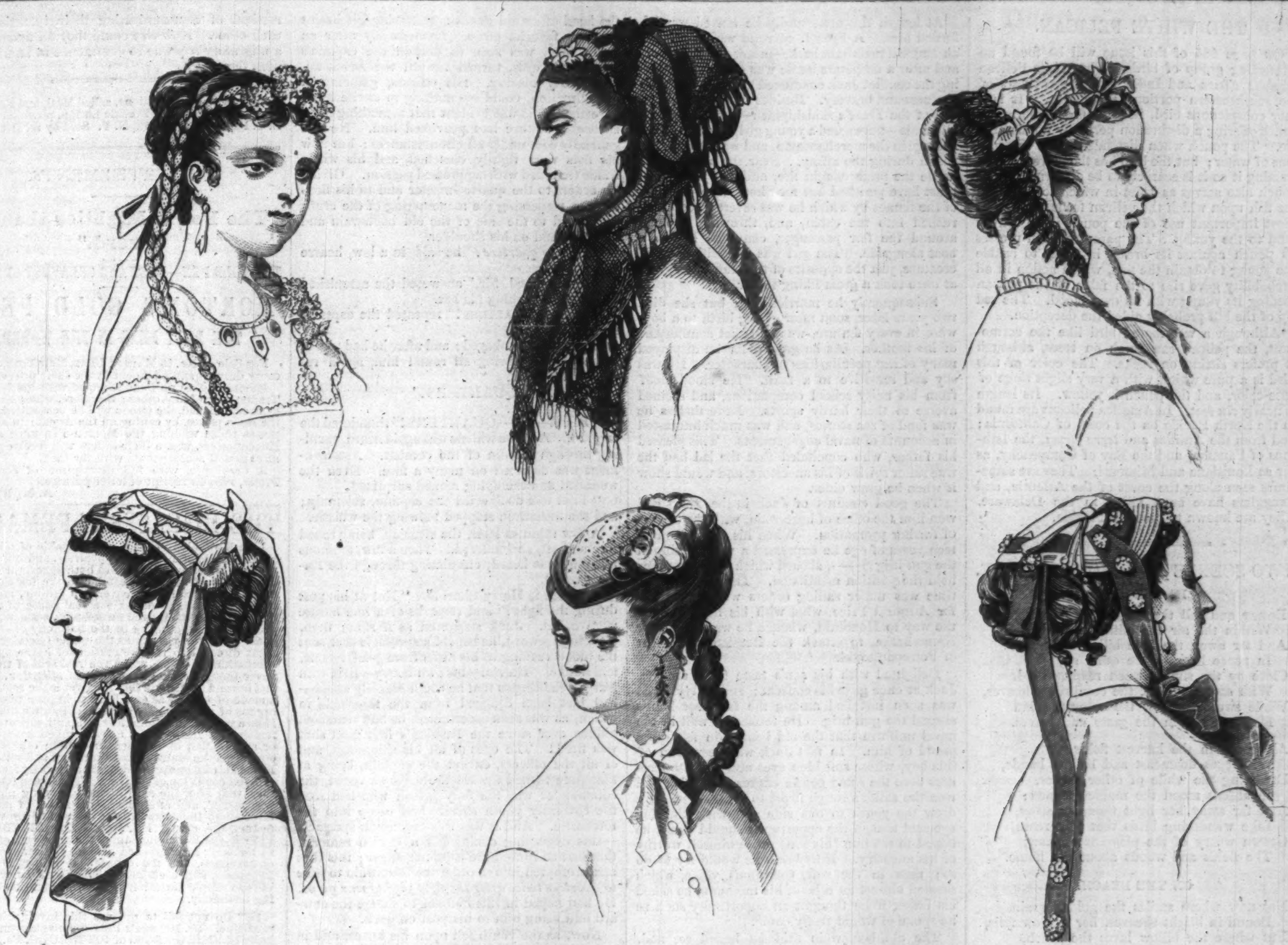
SOUTHERN EMIGRANTS.

ONE of our correspondents lately traveling from Richmond to this city found himself the fellow-passenger of a large number of colored persons on their way to the North; and from the rough sketch which he at once made of the scene on board the steamer we have produced the interesting engraving on this page. The poor negroes are there seen huddled together, with their "traps," on the deck of the vessel, endeavoring to enjoy the sea-breeze and accommodate themselves to circumstances.

These emigrants are brought North through the agency of the Freedmen's Bureau. An "Employment Agency," subordinate to the Bureau, was established two years ago by General HOWARD, and through it and other private agencies the negroes are induced to come North as house-servants and field-laborers. Many come to this city, but greater numbers go directly into the interior, particularly to New England. Two or three Intelligence-offices in this city, under charge of colored persons, have been instrumental in finding homes for great numbers. There is at Charleston, South Carolina, a colored orphan asylum, under charge of Mrs. PILLSBURY, in which there are at all times about one hundred children — all the house will accommodate. Miss CHLOE MERRICK, of Syracuse, New York, has established a similar asylum in the house of the rebel General FINNIGAN, at Fernandina, Florida. Each of these ladies furnish Northern people with these young colored children as servants upon application, and our citizens in want of such, or anxious to find worthy objects of sympathy and charity, are advised to apply direct to these ladies. Agents of the Bureau and Freedmen's Commission inform us that the Southern people endeavor to impress upon the minds of the negroes that when they reach the North they are sold into slavery in Cuba; but the imposition is too apparent to deter many negroes from emigrating here when opportunity offers.

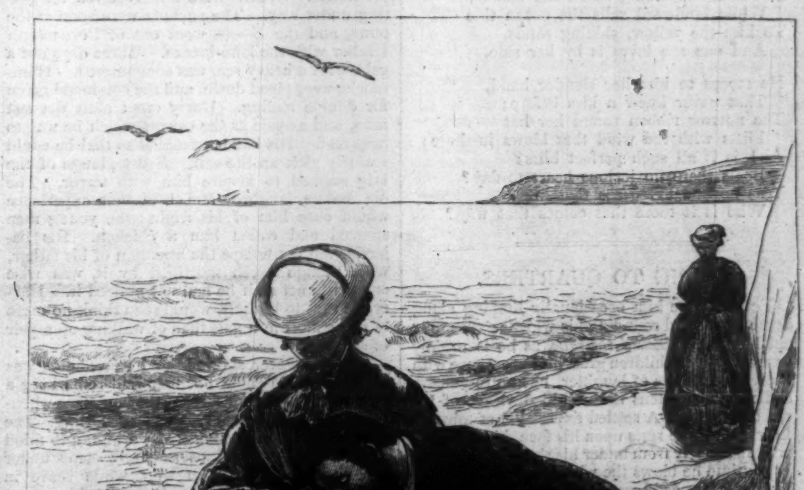


COLORED EMIGRANTS SEEKING HOMES IN THE NORTH.—[SKETCHED BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]



PARIS HEAD-DRESSES FOR JULY, 1867.

IN THE FIELD.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 494.]



ON THE BEACH.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 494.]

THE WHITE PELICAN.

On page 485 of this issue will be found an interesting group of birds. The White Pelican inhabits Africa and India, and a great part of the southeastern portion of America. It is a very conspicuous bird, its singular membranous pouch offering a distinction perfectly unmistakable. The pouch when distended holds two gallons of water; but the bird has the power of contracting it so it is scarcely to be discerned. The pouch also serves as a net in which to scoop up the fish upon which the pelican feeds. Another most important use of the pouch is to convey food to the young. The parent pelican presses its pouch against its breast in order to enable the young to obtain the fish, which action in all probability gave rise to the fable of the pelican feeding its young with its own blood. The red tip of the bill probably aided the deception.

Although a web-footed bird like the cormorant, the pelican can perch on trees, although it prefers sitting on rocks. The color of this bird is a pure white, with a very slight tinge of rose-color, and the pouch is yellow. Its length is nearly six feet. In America pelicans are found in the North Pacific on the coast of California; and from the Antilles and *terra firma*, the Isthmus of Panama, and the Bay of Campeachy, as far as Louisiana and Missouri. They are sometimes seen along the coast of the Atlantic, and stragglers have been killed in the Delaware. They are known to breed in Florida.

TWO SCENES IN A WOMAN'S LIFE.

IN THE FIELD.

Erect and tall the golden grain;
 Within the air the blithe birds fly;
And far away the blue hills sleep
 In peace beneath the quiet sky;
Close by the sun-browned reapers bind,
 With song and jest, the cumbrous sheaves,
While sweet and low the summer wind
 Makes music in the grass and leaves.

Alone within the harvest fields,
 With eyes downcast and listless hands,
Dreaming the while of other scenes,
 In absent mood the maiden stands;
And far away her light thoughts stray,
 Like wandering birds that idly roam,
Grown weary of the pleasant streams,
 The fields and woods about her home.

ON THE BEACH.

Not now where smiles the golden grain,
 Bound in bright sheaves, her shadow falls,
But where the billow laves the beach,
 And where the white-winged curlew calls;
Beside the sounding shore she stands,
 While landward rolls the ocean tide
To kiss the yellow, shining sands,
 And one she loves is by her side.

He stoops to kiss her slender hand,
 That never knew a kiss before;
The narrow ribbon round her hat
 Flirts with the wind that blows in-shore:
Ah! is it all such perfect bliss?
 Beats there no jealous heart to-day?
Was no one by to see that kiss?
 Who is it there that comes that way?

PIPING TO QUARTERS.

You may see him occasionally limping along South Street and sounding his whistle; the crazy old boatswain *Jack-o'-the-pipe*, as he is usually termed. Little children greet his appearance with cheers and shouts of laughter, but no responsive smile ever brightens the wrinkled visage of the old boatswain. A settled expression of mingled horror and woe rests upon his face, his eyes protrude strangely from under his shaggy brows, and every time he blows the whistle he glances wildly round him as if searching for some particular face. In summer and winter—in sunshine and tempest—that whistle, blown with almost unearthly shrillness, is heard, for its owner seems alike indifferent to heat or cold. He never responds to a question, but often startles those who address him by shrieking out in a voice of anguish: "Ay, ay, I tell ye he'll come and do his duty!"

Whenever he says this his round eyeballs almost start from their sockets; he usually repeats the word several times, and then blows the whistle with such vehemence that the muscles of his short, red neck swell almost to bursting. Invariably he *pipes to quarters*, and many of the "longshore" men know why. From an old rigger who, with sheath-knife and tar-bucket, has haunted the shrouds of the shipping for forty years, I learned the following facts in relation to "Jack-o'-the-pipe:"

His real name is John Short. He is a native of Bristol, England—was born near the banks of the beautiful Avon. Many of the members of his family were seamen. His grandfather served with credit in several naval battles; and his own father died at Greenwich Hospital from a wound received while working a gun at Trafalgar, under the gallant Nelson.

His last words, "Well done, Short!" made a strong impression upon the mind of his son, who, when old enough to go to sea, often repeated them to his shipmates, explaining that they were addressed to his father by Nelson himself just before the brave gunner's left side was torn by a shower of grape and canister from the enemy. Even then the old man refused to leave his post: the surgeon's assistants were obliged to use force to carry him to the cockpit. No wonder, then, that Jack, justly proud of his nautical relatives, was anxious to prove himself worthy of the connection.

At length the opportunity he craved was afforded him. A French corvette with a prize—an English merchant bark—in tow was attacked, and after a desperate battle was captured. During the conflict Jack conducted himself with great coolness and bravery. Besides saving the life of one of the *Texel's* midshipmen—a favorite with all hands—he rescued a young girl, who had taken passage in the merchantman, and was aboard that vessel during the affray. Near the close of the battle the prize caught fire, and the young girl must have perished but for Short, who, heedless of the flames by which he was severely scorched, rushed into the cabin, and, throwing a cloak around the fair passenger, conveyed her to a boat alongside. The girl was a sensitive, timid creature, just the opposite of the bluff sailor, who at once took a great liking to her.

Subsequently he married her; but she died two years later, soon after giving birth to a boy, who, in every feature, was an exact counterpart of his mother. As he grew older he displayed many of her peculiarities of character. He was shy and sensitive to a fault. He stood aloof from his noisy school companions, and seemed averse to their hardy sports. Nevertheless he was fond of sea stories, and was much interested in accounts of naval engagements. This pleased his father, who concluded that the lad had the true sailor spirit of his ancestors, and would show it when he grew older.

The good conduct of Jack in the *Texel* had won him the office of boatswain, with the chance of further promotion. When his son was nineteen years of age he expressed a wish to ship in the gun-brig *S*——, aboard which his parent now held the position mentioned. The vessel at this time was under sailing orders with dispatches for Admiral Price, who, with his fleet, was on the way to Honolulu, whence he was to sail for Kamtchatka, to attack the Russian settlement of Petropaulovski.

Delighted with his son's taste for a sea-life, Jack at once gave his consent; and Harry Short was soon installed among the foremast hands aboard the gun-brig. He looked so well in the naval uniform that the old boatswain felt quite proud of him. In fact Jack was very fond of this boy, whose soft blue eyes and delicate features bore the same gentle expression which had won the sailor's rough heart to the mother. He drew the youth to one side and with kindling eye said that, if the opportunity should come, he hoped to see him (his son) prove himself worthy of his ancestry. Harry said he would try to do so; then in the soft, tremulous voice, which seemed almost an echo of his mother's, he asked his father if he thought an opportunity such as he spoke of would really come.

The old boatswain said he hoped so, and, squeezing the boy's hand, left him to attend to his duties. Orders were now received for getting under way. The anchors were soon at the bows, and the *S*—— went out of Portsmouth Harbor with the land-breeze. Three days out a gale, with a heavy sea, was encountered. Hammocks were piped down, and the command given for double reefing. Harry crept aloft the last man, and as pale as the canvas which he was to help reef. His hands trembled so that he could scarcely pick up the sail. Every plunge of the brig seemed to inspire him with terror. The old sailors laughed, and said that experience would cure him of his fright; the young men sneered and called him a chicken. His behavior did not escape the attention of his father, who, though much mortified by it, was wise enough to act as if he had not noticed it. Harry, he said to himself, would soon think no more of going aloft in a gale than of walking up a pair of stairs.

Time, however, showed that his prediction was wrong; for he could not help still remarking a certain expression of fear on the boy's face whenever orders were given for reefing or furling. The boatswain consoled himself by bringing to mind the cases, which had occasionally come under his observation, of men who, while brave in every other respect, were unaccountably averse to going aloft. Meanwhile the sun and the sea-wind had improved Harry's appearance. He looked stronger and more manly than when he first shipped—the effeminacy of his countenance seemed to have disappeared. Ben watched him with secret pride, and longed to see him distinguish himself and win the respect of his shipmates by some courageous deed. The youth himself seemed eager to do so. He declared to his parent, with great vehemence, that a naval engagement would please him above all things. The boatswain answered that he had no doubt they would smell powder and see blood run before the end of the voyage. As he spoke he noticed that involuntary shudders crept over the frame of his son. The next moment, however, the boy's eyes flashed as if with heroic resolution; and the delighted boatswain traced in the expression a resemblance to his own father.

The *S*—— now was not far from Kamtchatka, and the eager midshipmen frequently went aloft, in the hope of spying some Russian vessel. One morning they saw one, a gun-brig about the size of their own, standing along north-by-east. The captain of the *S*—— and all his crew seemed in high spirits; the hammocks were piped down, and the decks cleared for action. The busy boatswain now obtained but one glimpse of his son among the groups of active seamen hurrying hither and thither. There was a hectic flush upon the boy's cheek, and his eyes were very bright. He was coiling a rope near the forecastle when his father saw him. Soon after the captain passed the order to pipe to quarters; and the shrill whistle was heard, penetrating every corner of the vessel. Nearly at the same moment the Russian, coming within range, fired a gun. The shot, evidently a 10-pounder, was well aimed. It splintered a part of the *S*——'s waist rail, and, with a spiteful thug, shattered the head of an old gunner, scattering his brains over his favorite piece. Immediately after an angry flush was seen to darken the captain's cheek; his eyes, turned toward the forecastle, were fairly blazing. His officers, glancing in that direction, could see nothing to excite him; nevertheless, it was evident that something of an *uncommon* nature had provoked him. He was generally cool under all circumstances; but now his fists were tightly clenched, and his whole frame trembled with suppressed passion. Giving his orders to the quarter-master and to his lieutenants, respecting the manœuvring of the craft, he walked to the side of the old boatswain and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"*Pipe to quarters!*" he said, in a low, hoarse voice.

"I have piped, Sir," answered the astonished boatswain, touching his hat.

"Pipe to quarters!" repeated the captain, in a louder tone.

The boatswain obeyed; and after he had piped, the captain, glancing all round him, again repeated the order,

"PIPE TO QUARTERS!"

"Sir?"

"PIPE—TO—QUARTERS!" thundered the captain. And the whistle was again heard, thrilling through the din of the combat. Astonishment was depicted on many a face. Even the wounded and the dying looked surprised.

"That will do!" cried the captain, solemnly; and the boatswain stopped blowing the whistle.

A few minutes later, the Russian, being raked fore and aft, surrendered. Then a low, ominous murmur was heard, circulating through the English vessel.

"Where is Harry Short?" "Not at his post during the fight?" and remarks of a like nature were heard. Jack staggered as if shot; then, glancing forward, he beheld a spectacle that sent the blood rushing to his heart from grief, horror, and shame. His son—his own Harry—livid with fear—trembling so that he could scarcely stand—had just been dragged from the forecastle in which, as was soon ascertained, he had remained hidden ever since the Russian's first fatal shot was fired! The eyes of all his shipmates, and of all the officers, except the captain, being at that time turned toward the enemy's vessel, the commander was the only person who had seen the cowardly youth shrink, and creep into the forecastle. And it was this degrading spectacle—this degrading conduct of a British seaman, that had so roused the captain's anger; this that had prompted him to order the boatswain to *pipe to quarters twice after the first piping was given.* He had hoped in this manner to shame the coward and bring him to his post on deck.

Now, as the youth fell upon his knees, and in quivering tones begged for mercy, while his captors dragged him along, a choleric, fiery-haired seaman, who had remained at his post, in spite of a bad wound, received in the beginning of the engagement, picked up a handspike, and with what strength remained in him dashed out the brains of the coward.

For a moment old Jack stood glaring upon his dead, disfigured boy; then he clapped his hand to his brow with a hollow, despairing groan, followed by a strange laugh.

"Ay, ay, mates!" he screamed, "I tell ye he'll come and do his duty when he hears the whistle!"

And—his reason gone forever—he raised the instrument to his mouth and recommenced *piping to quarters* with frantic vehemence.

A few years ago his old sister, who has property here, guided him to this country, hoping that change of scene might cure him of his insanity.

It is the general opinion, however, that he never will be cured in this world. Still imagining that his son may yet come and do his duty, he persists in *piping to quarters*, and doubtless will continue doing so to the day of his death.

SPEED OF BIRDS THROUGH THE AIR.

No speculations on the migration of birds from a cold, to a warm climate, and back again to their old familiar haunts annually, are as satisfactory as the facts. Those which never made the voyage, and are without the society of those which have once taken the journey, find their way without difficulty. They are under an instinctive impulse to go, which nothing short of imprisonment could restrain.

Insectivorous swallows would perish every year did they not repair to a warm region as soon as the frosts begin to nip the flies they subsist upon. Their average speed on the wing when flying for a winter retreat is believed to be at least fifty miles an hour. Therefore it would not take a swallow or a blackbird long to reach Louisiana or Texas from New England or the State of New York. When the wind is favorable their flight is far more rapid. Spallanzani calculated that a swallow, at its full speed, could go ninety-two miles an hour. An eider duck, *annas mollissima*, flies ninety miles an hour; hawks and some other broad-winged birds have a speed of one hundred and fifty miles an hour.

Wild geese, it has been satisfactorily ascertained, fly from Georgia to the great northern lakes of Canada in two days. Wild food has been found in their crops peculiar to the South which had not had time for being digested—so rapid must have been their flight. It happens occasionally, in foggy weather, they lose their way, and flying round without visible objects to guide them at the great height in the air to which they mount, they settle down in open rivers, ponds, fields, etc., and if unmolested, remain several days till the atmosphere becomes clear, when they again soar into regions above and take their wending way north. Birds must have some method of communicating their intentions to each other. How else could they all understand a migratory trip was to commence at sunrise the next day?

For brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

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Like the fabled Proteus, seem capable of taking on all forms. While apoplexy, pleurisy, and bilious and typhoid fevers are common to both sexes, there is another class of diseases peculiar to the female exclusively. Physicians, moreover, are fallible, and often overlook or fail to detect the real cause of disease. Some of the organs are affected with a malady which produces a disturbance in the harmony of other organs. In very many cases the patient receives treatment directed to the restoration of harmony in the sympathizing organ, while the real seat of trouble is never thought of, and receives no attention. It is a fact beyond all dispute that the liver is the seat of such a mode of vitality as enables it to impose upon other organs of the economy a touch of its own distemper. Hence we find in numberless well authenticated cases females suffering with a disease called *Amenorrhœa*, or suppression of the menses; and in others are encountered the multitudinous varieties and miseries of *Hysteria*, which proceed directly and solely from a disordered condition of the liver. It has been found, further, that after the skill of the attending physicians was baffled, and after the whole range of medicines directed to the *sympathizing* organ had proved ineffectual, the use of DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, acting upon the *true seat of disease in the liver*, accomplished at once the removal of all obstructions, and the consequent return to health, happiness, and usefulness. This is no fancy sketch, but the simple narration of facts, substantiated by living testimony.

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Whether to suffer with mental anguish,
Feverish lips, cracking pains, dyspeptic agonies,
And nameless bodily suffering;
Or whether, with sudden dash,
Seize a bottle of Plantation Bitters,
And, as Gunther swears, be myself a man again.
Gunther said my eyes were sallow,
My visage haggard, my breath tremendous bad,
My disposition troublesome—in fact,
He gently hinted I was fast becoming
Quite a nuisance.
Four bottles now beneath my vest have disappeared;
My food has relish, my appetite is keen,
My step elastic, my mind brilliant, and
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We guarantee that this delightful tonic will restore any stomach, however weak, to a healthy condition; that it will bring back the truant appetite, and give permanent vigor to the whole system. The feeble and emaciated, suffering from dyspepsia or indigestion in any form, are advised, for the sake of their own bodily and mental comfort, to try it. Ladies of the most delicate constitution testify to its harmless and its restorative properties. Physicians every where, disgusted with the adulterated liquors of commerce, describe it as the

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